

AMANDA: OR, THE REFORMED WHORE.

Composed, and made by *Thomas Cranley* Gent. now a Prisoner
in the Kings-bench, Anno Dom, 1635.

Admiranda canunt, credenda aliquando Poetae.


Poets doe tell of strange things not a few,
Yet often times those things, though strange, are true



Printed at LONDON, and are to be sold at the
golden Key, over against the middle.



To the worshipfull, his worthy
friend, and Brother in law, THOMAS GILVERNE,
Esquire : All health, and happinesse.

Ir, having composed this small
Volume, J was resolved to De-
dicate it to a right worthy, and
worshipfull Gentleman, living
within the wals of the City of
London : being perswaded there-
unto by an intimate friend, and
familiar acquaintance of mine, which Gentleman, as
he reported unto me was an especiall favourer of the
Muses. But upon better consideration, well knowing,
that for my owne part, J had no particular relation un-
to him, neither was he a man with whom J had at any
time the least acquaintance, or one whom to my know-
ledg I had ever fixed my eye upon. J was doubtfull lest
some ill construction might have bin made of my ho-
nest, and simple meaning : and therefore unwilling to
be taxed with over bold presumption, J thought it
better to reflect my eye upon a more familiar object,
and to present the dedication of these poore labours
to such a man, of whose goodnesse, and worth, J have
had sufficient tryall by the testimony of many yeeres
acquaintance: and the more imboldned thereunto by
that conjugall affinity which hath more strongly u-
nited me to an indeered, and in violable obligation If

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I consider of the worke it selfe, I may well blush at the performance thereof, and with the Poet say,

Cum relego scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,

Me quoque qui feci, iudice digna lini.

For although I have had an *Idæa* in my minde, which hath presented me with a better forme, yet my productions I must confesse, are lame, and imperfect, and come farre short of the extentions of my wishes, and imaginations. Let your better judgment rather allow of my intentions, then of my unpolisht expressions: and what I am not able to delineate in words, let my well-meaning endeavours be supplied out of the treasure of your more judicious apprehension. So shall I have a further tryall of your favours, and acknowledge a sacrifice which I owe unto the graces, and you: and shall alwaies rest,

Your most obliged,

THOMAS GRANLEY.

July 1. 1635.

Perlegi hoc opusculum cui titulus (*Amanda, or the Reformed Whore*) quod continet folia 52^o aut circiter, in quibus nihil reperio quo minus cum utilitate publica imprimi queant, modo supprimantur quæ deleta sunt, & intra sex menses proximè sequentes reliqua typis mandentur.

GUILIELMVS HAYWOOD.
RR. P. Arch. Cant. Cap. dom.



The Author to his Booke.

Goe little Booke, the issue of my braine.
Begot in bondage, now at last made free:
To keepe thee still in prison, were in vaine.
Make triall how the world will fauour thee,
If none receive thee turne againe to me.

I am no starter, here thou shalt me finde,
Shift for thy selfe, be gone, thou knowst my minde.
But whether shall I haue thee goe at first?
Vnto the Cruicke? no, let him alone.
Many are bad, but he of all is worst.
I'de rather thou should'st die, and goe to none,
Be sure auoide his hands, of any one.

Shun Momus too, lest he at thee doe carpe,
And Zoilus for his rebukes are sharpe.
Auoide their sight, and then goe where thou wilt,
Thy meaning's good, how ere it take effect,
Although with words of art thou art not guilt.
Some, thy unlearned plainenesse will respect,
And perchance fancie this thy Dialect.

That may please some, which will not profit all,
Although thy lines are not didacticall.
Chiefely, I send thee to the female sexe,
Whom I doe truely honour, and regard:
Thy ready service shall attend their becks,
Without expecting profit, or reward:
Oh that some one, would take thee to their guard.

Mayst thou please them (as I could wish it so)
I care not if the rest be pleas'd, or no.
In thy first interprize, thou conquerd'st one,
And drag'd her by thy force out of the mire.
Let that encourage thee, and suffer none
To shun thy strong encounter, till thou try her,
Boldly goe on, and neither faint nor tyre.
God knowes, so happy the successe may be,
To one resisting, thou mayst conquer three.
Thou hast thy charge, and now thou mayst be gone.
Goe to the Countrey, City, and the Court :
They all yeeld maier for to worke upon.
I send in earnest, goe not thou in sport ;
To great as well as meane doe thou resort.
If so thou be esteem'd of any worth,
I shall be glad that ere I sent thee forth.

Cranley



CRANLEYS Amanda.
Or,
The Reformed Whore.

HAving been many monthes a prisoner in the Fleete, and overwearyed with the tedious length of idle time, glad of the least occasion of imployment, as well to put the thoughts of my distracted fortunes out of my head, as also to helpe waste, and bring to an end the wearisome day. It was my fortune walking one day solitarily on the Leads, being on the top of an high Tower adjoyning unto my Chamber, and looking over the battlements into the Fleete-lane, I espied in one of the Houses right opposite against me, a young Gentlewoman, of a comely feature, and sweete grace, apparelled very richly, and attired according to the fashion then most in use, she was looking out at a window into the streete, and I standing on the toppe of the Tower, being almost

two stories higher then her chamber window, could easily discern her, without being scene my selfe; where after she had looked a while into the street, she retires into her chamber, and shuts the casement, I thinking she had beene a stranger, and came to visit some friend or kinsman in that house, tooke little regard of her for that time. But afterwards walking many times upon the Leads looking againe into the Lane, I by chance cast mine eye against the same window, out of the which I did first see the Gentlewoman to looke, where I might darkly perceiue through the Glasse (the casement being then shut) the same Gentlewoman stand, busy about something which I could not discern, and perceiuing her to be the same woman which I had there formerly scene, I began to thinke that she might perchance lodge in the same house, and knowing her to be a stranger, and not inhabitant there, and that it was no fit place for a Gentlewoman of her fashion (as she seemed to be) to lodge in such a place, whereas every house almost in the Lane was filled with prisoners, I began to enquire if she were wife of any prisoner, or if she were a prisoner herselfe, because such women as are prisoners, doe for the most part lie in the Lane: upon enquiry I understood that she was neyther prisoner, nor prisoners wife, but a stranger, newly come out of the City, and that she had no acquaintance there, but what she had gotten since her first comming thither. To be brieft, I understood that she was a woman apt to give entertainment to any that desired her company, by reason whereof her honesty was much suspected, and the

the generall report about the street was, that she was no better then a whore: having understood thus much of her, I often attended to see what company resorted to the house, thinking thereby I should the better conceive whether report had wronged her or not: At the last I perceived that divers Gentlemen, and men of great fashion and worth had daily recourse thither, but more especially, I noted one man to resort unto her more then any of the rest; & when that man was in the house there could be no admittance for any other that desired to come unto her, for by one frivolous excuse or other they would send them away without the sight of the Gentlewoman: at other times if they came, when that Gentleman was not with her, they had free access to her chamber, where they might stay, and be merry with her at their pleasure, this I observed, & this made me conjecture that if she were not common unto them all, yet at the least she was nought with one, but desirous to be satisfied of the truth, and not to be lead either by my owne conjecture, or the report of others I determined to write unto her. Long it was before I could resolve in what manner I should write, for considering that I was a stranger unto her, and not knowne, eyther by person or name, and herselfe as little knowne unto me, I was in doubt whether she would receive any such letters or not, againe I thought, if I should write unto her in the nature of a Lover, if she should happily receive the Letters, and reade the same, having no acquaintance at all with me, she would imagine that I went about to entrap her, and of purpose to finde out the nature of her inclination, thereby to question

her manner of life. I therefore resolved to write unto her in a carelesse, and bold manner, so as she might neyther understand me to be one of the assaylants of her love, nor yet a despiser of her acquaintance, therefore so neere as I could, without any insinuating flattery, or course harshnesse, I adventured to write in this familiar manner.

LAdy though I am a stranger,
Yet because I am your neighbour,
I doe hope there is no danger,
If I now doe take the labour

Lonely wasting tedious times,
To salute you with my rimes.
Pardon, if I be too bold,
I intend no hurt unto you,
That which here I shall unfold
Cannot any dammage doe you;
Let it vanish as a vapor,
Tis but naked Inke, and Paper.
You, it maybe, will condemne
Me of saucines to send it,
Yet I pray be not extreame,
If it be a fault, ile mend it.

I delight to anger no man,
And muchlesse displease a woman.
When I first did write, my pen
Fearing your displeasure fainted,
Yet at last I thought agen,
Neighbours should be well acquainted.
If you had not come so nigh me,
I had kept my papers by me.

Sure

Sure, I doe not know your name,
Nor your Person very well,
Once I thinke I saw the same,
And but once as I can tell:

And I would be much your debter,
If you'l let me know you better.
Yet I would not wrong you neyther:
Be it farre from my desire,
But that we may talke together,
My ambition strives no higher.

Neyther should my speeches tend
To those tones that may offend.
Once I saw that face of your,
As you were at window standing;
Twas a face that would allure,
And a looke that was commanding:
But you left me strayte to mourning
By your sudden backe returning.

Turne againe unto your place,
At the window, and be bold;
Once more let me see that face
That was made for to behold:

It is not a womans dury
To obscure so rich a beauty.
In those lookes to read the story
Of delight, is much desired:
It is beauties chieffest glory
To be gaz'd on, and admired,
Shew it freely, and abide it,
Twas not given you to hide it.

You perchance will say I flatter,
Though your selfe doth truly know it:

If you doe, it is no matter,
Take your glasse, and that will show it.

That can tell as well as I,
Neither of us both doth lie.

Oft I wish i'were in my power
For to raise your window higher
Or else to abate this Tower,
That our lodgings might be nigher.

But alas these wishes prove not,
What I like perchance you love not,

Put away all doubtfull feares,
Where no evill is intended:

Rise another paire of staires,
And our lodgings will be mended,
Strive to equall me in height
And be you my opposite.

We will talke of what shall ease us,
And make merry with discourse:
So to spend the time, i'will ease us,
Better so to doe then worse.

I have Riddles to content yee,
Purposes, and Sonnets plenty.

If you'l talke of other things
That your minde more fitly moves:
I can tell you tales of Kings,
And of Noble Princes loves.

Monsters of the Earth or Sea,
Best to passe the time away.

Feare not, we will lacke no matter
For to talke of if we meete:

If we want where on to flatter,
We'll discourse of this our Fleete.

That

That will finde us talking play,
 Though we prauile all the day.
 Let me then, this fauour craue,
 If you will a fauour deigne,
 That my lines acceptance haue,
 And be pleased to take the paine,
 For to grace my poore induring,
 Make me reader of your writing.
 What, though here within this Barre,
 I a thrall'd Prisoner be,
 Though my feete restrayned are,
 Yet my better part is free.

He which doth the body binde,
 Hath no power to thrall the minde.
 That's a thing that goes beyond
 Any mortall creatures power,
 That doth scorne for to be pen'd
 In the compasse of a Tower.

Or be ti'de to others leasure,
 But will freely range at pleasure.
 Take your Paper then, and write
 Though it be but e'ne a word,
 Never study to indite,
 Ile accept what you afford:

Though it be but e'ne your name,
 I will gladly take the same.
 Something grant me by your fauour,
 Whatsoeuer thing it be.
 They say, something hath some fauour,
 Though a crooked Pin it be.

Ile accept it in good part,
 With a kinde, and thankfull heart.

And

*And now pardon my presumption,
And the rudenesse of my Pen,
Waste your anger by consumption,
And give leave to write agen.*

*If such favours you repell,
Ioyes attend you, and farewell.*

When I had written these Letters, I knew not how to have them conveyed to her hands, neyther could I direct them by superscription, because I knew not her name, nor had any acquaintance with any person in the house; at the length having some speeches with a friend of mine concerning her, I told him that I had a Letter to be sent to her, and I knew not how to have it delivered, whereupon he offered himselfe to be the messenger, and to use his best endeavour to deliver it to her, and if he could not have admittance himselfe, yet at the least to take such course as it should come unto her hands, hereupon I put my name to the Letter, and sealed it, and gave it to my friend, and withall intreated him that if it were possible he would get me an answer to it, he vowing to doe his best, tooke my letters, and departed, and wayting his opportunity, when as he thought she was all alone, went to the house, and desired that he might speake with her, he was examined presently by the Mistris of the house, from whence he came, he told her, from a friend of the Gentlewomans, naming such a one as he had before seene to resort to her, and that his busines was onely to deliver a Letter from him into her hands, with that she bid him follow her, and she would

would bring him to her Chamber, hee glad of his successe followed her untill shee came to the Chamber dore, and there the Mistris of the house leaving of him, bid him goe in, so he entring into the Chamber found the Gentlewoman writing at her window, he saluting of her told her that he was requested by a Gentleman to deliver a Letter unto her, and withall gave the Letter into her hands, she never examining what the Gentlemans name was, or where he dwelt, tooke the Letters, and opening of them, perceived the same to be in verse, stood still, as it were wondring whence it should come: at length after she had pawled awhile, she began to read, and in the reading she would sometimes smile to her selfe, and sometimes set her countenance as if shee had bin angry: but having read the Letter to the end, and perceiving a Gentlemans name thereto, whom she knew not, she asked my friend if he knew the Gentleman that sent the Letter, he told her he did, and that he lay in the high Tower over against her Chamber, how doe you know sayd she, this Letter was sent to me, for there is no direction upon it to shew to whom it should be carryed, I know very well, quoth he, that you are the party it was intended unto, because the Gentleman, though he knew not your name, shewed me the house, and in what Chamber in the house you were lodged in, well sayd she it is noe great matter, to whom it was sent, it seemes that he that writ it had not much to doe, and, because he shall advise better upon it, there take it, and carry it to him againe, and tell him this from me, that if he can

exercise his wit to noe better purpose I would wish
 him to spare his paynes hereafter , and to employ
 his Mule about matter of more moment , that may
 be more profitable to himsele, and lesse prejudiciall
 to others. With that, delivering the Letter unto
 him she turnes towards her window, and he with-
 out further stay or reply left her , and comming to
 my Chamber , told me of all that had passed be-
 twixt them, I was glad that she had read it , be-
 cause thereby she had occasion to take notice of
 my name, and although she seemed to be a little
 angry, yet I knew there was nothing in the Letter
 that she could justly tax me for, but onely my bold-
 nes in sending, having noe acquayntance at all with
 her , and that I thought she would quickly for-
 get, when her anger was a little qualifed, and if it
 were not extreame, I thought it might be an occa-
 sion that I should more often see her at her win-
 dow: for women are not alwayes angry when they
 seeme so to be , and indeede so it fell out, for after
 that time I should see her window often times
 standing open, and her selfe shewing her selfe there-
 at, and sometimes I should perceiue her looke up
 towards the Tower, where I used to be, which made
 me conjecture that she would bestow the reading
 of another Letter, if I could use the meanes to have
 it conveyed cunningly unto her : whereupon resol-
 ving with my selfe to make a further tryall of her,
 and not to give her over upon one single repulse , I
 determyned to try her once more by writing , but
 my greatest feare was how I should have it convey-
 ed into her hands, for I thought if I should send it
 by

by my first messenger, he should scarce have accessse againe unto her, or if he had, she would hardly receive any thing from him being soe much vexed at the other, at the length as I was walking late one night on the top of the Tower, the Moone shining very bright, and looking towards her Chamber, I espied the casement of her window to be open, and perceiving noe light to be in the roome, I thought how I might convey my Letter in at her window, where shee finding such a thing to ly, could not chuse but open the same, not suspecting but that some of the same house having continuall intercourse into her Chamber, might eyther forget it behind them, or leave it for her to reade over, wherefore following this opportunity, I tooke my Pen, and wrote certaine Verses unto her, and onely folding up the paper, without any Sea'e or direction upon it, with the helpe of a long Pole which I had in my Chamber, I made such shift that I put the Letter in at her window, and with the end of the Pole shut the casement lest she should suspect which way the Letter should come, the Verses which I wrote were these.

F Ayrest, though my lines of late
 Were not welcome to your hand,
 Though they argu'de too much prate,
 Doe not on your nicenesse stand.

Reade againe my second Letter

See if now my phrase be better.

I am sorry to offend,

So to purchase your displeasure,

12 *The Reformed Whore.*

*And it grieves me I did send,
And doe now repent at leasure.*

And I hope you'l be contented.

To forgive, since tis repented,

Sure I am, I meant no ill,

Howsoever you may take it,

And I keepe that meaning still,

If you doubt, your tryall make it.

What I speake in words you shall,

Finde my deeds agree withall.

Will you not be once perswaded

To returne an answer to me,

Can your heart not be invaded

Such a courtesie to doe me?

If for much you have beene tried,

I must looke i' had beene denyed.

When so poore a thing as this

Can so hardly be obteyned

So as nothing comes amisse,

If from you it may be gained;

Write a line, a word, a letter,

worst is best, when ther's no better.

Doe you never use to write,

But to such as you doe know?

If love bids not, yet for spite,

To be rid of such a foe;

Let your nimble Pen disclose,

Whether we be friends, or foes.

I will never give you over

Till you grant me my desire,

Doe you like or loathe a lover,

Be you frost, or be you fire,

I will

*I will send though you abhorre it,
Till you write, or chide me for it,
Wherefore to avoid the trouble
Take the course that may prevent it,
Give a single for a double,
So exchange, and nere repent it.*

*For two letters send me one,
Tis a thing is quickly done,
If you thinke I am too bold,
Chide me for it, I will leave it,
And when once your angers cold
Write your minde, and ile receive it:*

*So to be advise, tis good
Not to write in heate of bloud.
Then as I doe feele your minde
Ile reply, or else forbear;
If you list not to be kinde,
I will not make me shed a teare;
But continue as before,
Never writing to you more.*

The casement being shut, and the Letter left in the window, I attended three or foure dayes to see whether I should heare from her or not, and hearing nothing in all that time, I began to doubt whether my Letters were come to her hands, at the length taking my usuall recreation on the top of the Tower, the roome over her chamber being a place where Embroyderers did use to worke, and opposite against the Tower where I was walking, the windowes of the roome lay open, I perceived her sitting at a Frame whereon was a faire Waste-

cote which she was richly Embroydering with colored Silks, and Gold, and being very diligent at her worke, I observed whether she did at any time cast her eye up to the Tower, supposing that she came thither, as well to give an occasion to be seene as for the eagernesse of the worke, she had then in hand, because I had never seene her in that roome before: I had not stayed long, but I perceived her many times to looke up towards the Tower, with such earnestnesse, as if she had beene desirous to have seene some body, which made me conjecture that her comming thither was of purpose to see the party that had so boldly wrote unto her, therefore leaving the place where I was I stood directly against the roome where she sate at worke, that if she happily looked that way againe, she should not chuse but perceive me, I had not stayd there long, but she tooke notice of me, and blushing exceedingly upon the first view, me thought she lookt like *Niobe* when she contended with *Laioua* for the prize, I must confesse I had so long played with the bayte, that I had almost swallowed the hooke, being so surprized with the amiable prospect of so swete a countenance, yet unwilling to be caught by those faire allurements considering that under the greenest Grasse lyeth the most venomous serpent. I was sorry that so sweet a face should be set to sale to every amorous passenger, and where so much beauty was placed, that there should want vertue to adorne it, and make it truely love-worthy: and having a settled determination to know of what coyne she was stamped, whether Gold or Copper, and if I should

should finde her to be of the worst, which I did much suspect, that then I would use the best art, and skill I could, to have her cast in a new mould, and to purge the drosse out of her, that she might be refyned to purer mettall. Willing therefore to enter into some discourse with her, no person being in the roome but her selfe, I began in this manner to salute her :

Fayre Lady, I have upon no acquaintance at all beene bold to trouble you with my writing, wherein I feare I have much offended, yet am glad that I have so good an opportunity to crave pardon for my errors, which I now doe, intreating you not to conceive any wrong thereby intended, but to impute my fault rather to want of imployment, and to the present troubles that I endure, by reason of my imprisonment, then to the least intent of distaste, that I would willingly give to your selfe. Sir, sayd she, are you the Gentleman that wrote those pleasant verses to me not long since, and sent them to my chamber by I know not whom : I am the same, sayd I, and am sorry if eyther the messenger, or the sender have displeased you ; no great displeasure, sayd she, but I thought it strange to receive Letters from one that I knew not, and written in such a fashion as I was ignorant in what sense to construe them ; and now I know you are the same that so lately conveyed another Letter written in verse likewise into my chamber window, I have often wondred how it should come thither, pray let me crave so much of you as to tell me truly what meanes you used
to

to have it layd there, and who brought it thither, I will tell you truely, sayd I, upon this condition, first that you will pardon my boldnesse therein, then whether it were delivered unto you by another, or found by your selfe in the window, for the first, sayd she, I doe freely forgive, and for the later, I confesse truely that I found it my selfe in the window, but knew not how it came thither, then, sayd I, I will tell you, and so I acquainted her with the manner of it as before is expressed. Hereupon we entred into further discourse, and having knowne each others name, and all former offences absolutely forgiven, we agreed to be better acquainted, and that she would come once every afternoone into the same roome of purpose to talke with me, and to spend the time in some pleasant discourse, wherein she was many daies as good as her word, where we talked of those things which best pleased us, and one day among the rest talking of some amorous discourse, she began thus. Sir, sayd she, you are one that can make verses, and have skill in poetry, and I make no question but some things lie by you of your owne invention, eyther to try what your owne art can do, or to entertaine such Gentlewomen withall as you shall be best affected unto, and therefore let me intreat you to bring some of your odde papers with you, and sit with me, eyther here or in my chamber, for I doe like your veine in writing so well, that I am perswaded I shall take great delight in reading some of your owne workes, I make no question but though you are a prisoner, you may come so farre, because I see daily such as are priso-

prisoners passe freely into any part of the Lane, and if you please to take that paynes you shall not finde me unwilling to requite it, if it lyeth in my power. I was glad to heare her say thus much, desiring nothing more then to have such an opportunity to conferre privately with her at her chamber, yet alwaies resolved not to doe or attempt any thing but what should besit an honest man, onely I had such a compassionate love to those sweete lookes, that I thought it was pity they should not be accompanied with a due measure of grace, and therefore I thanked her greatly that she would shew me so high a favour, and promised to attend her at her chamber within a day or two after, and so we parted for that time. The next day perceiving her alone at her window, I called to her, and told her, that if she were at leasure, if it pleased her, I would come over the way to her: she told me I should be welcome, and desired me to come. With that going to my Study, and taking some idle pamphlets that I had there, I went unto the house where she lay, she kindly met me at the doore, and so conducted me to her chamber, where with reading sometimes, and sometimes with talking, we spent a good part of the afternoone, and after many questions asked her, I perceived that a little siege would batter the fortresse of her honesty, and understood by her that her meanes was small, and her friends not many, and her selfe, as she seemed willing to take any honest course that should sute with the credite of a Gentlewoman, with many other speeches to that purpose, but taking leave of her for

D

that

18. *The Reformed Whore.*

that time she intreated me that I would be no stranger at her Chamber, for that she should take it very kindly if I would come and sit with her at my leasure times when I had nothing else to doe, which I promised her to performe. But afterwards considering with my selfe, if I should often resort thither, it might be a cause that some malignant tongue would speake worse of me then I deserved, and thereby draw a scandall upon my selfe, which once gotten; would not be easily shaken off. I did therefore forbear going to her chamber, yet every day, she sitting in the Embroyderers roome, we had conference together, and so continued our acquaintance, where often talking with her, at length she told me she was to goe from thence, and to lie in the Towne, and asked me, if I did not goe sometimes abroad in the City, I answered her, I did: and desired that if she pleased to tell me where she lay in the Towne, I would make bold to visit her at her lodging: she told me where I should finde her, who shortly after going from the place where she then lay, sent a note in writing, intreating me not to forget my promise to visit her at her lodging, and therein set downe the place where I should enquire for her. It was not long after but I had occasion to goe into *London* in company of another Gentleman, and passing neere the place where she lay, determined to goe visit her, and so enquiring for her at her lodging we were told that she lay there, but she was that day abroad at dinner with certaine Gentlemen, but where, or with whom they knew not: whereupon we returning

ning thence, it came in our minds to goe to a Taverne not farre off, to drinke a pint of Wine, and if occasion served to enquire whether such a Gentlewoman did lie in the streete, and what she was, where comming in, we were brought into a little roome fitting our company, where, as we were drinking of our Wine, we heard musicke, and much mirth, in the next roome unto us, and enquiring what company was there, we understood that there were two or three Gentlewomen, with divers gallants in their company that dyed there that day, but what they were, we could by no meanes understand, whereupon I intreated one of the drawers to helpe me privately to a sight of them, for I thought I did heare the voyce of one that I knew, he presently brings me to a secret place where I might discover the whole company, and amongst them all, I perceived the same Gentlewoman that I came that day to visit, and noteing her carriage with the rest of her associats, she seemed to me more jocund, merry, and familiar than any woman respecting her honesty, and her credit would have beene, I desired the Gentleman that was with me, that we might stay, and see the conclusion, and parting of that company, who was contented, and thereupon understanding that they intended to sup there, we resolved to sup there also, by our selves in the little roome, where we were at the first placed, by which meanes we both heard and saw most of their conversation, presently after supper they dismissed their musicke, and having all of them well steeped their braines in

Wine, they then began to shew of what metall they were made, where after much rude, and unseemely behaviour, they discharged the house, and went their way: my friend, and I having likewise payd our reckoning followed after them, to see the uttermost event of this meeting: they had not gone farre from the Taverne but the company parted, and onely one Gentleman conducted my acquaintance to her lodging, where so soone as we saw them to enter the house, we betooke our selves likewise to our lodgings, having by that daies worke sounded more of her disposition, then I had done in all the time of my acquaintance before. For whereas I was till then led by report, and some suspition which I drew from my owne conjecture, I now saw so much of her carriage that I could not conceive that her former report had wronged her. Not many daies after, I tooke an occasion to write unto her, and the effect of my Letters was this, That I had lately bin at her lodging to have seene her, but could not be so happy as to finde her within, therefore I desired, in regard that I had not the priviledge to goe often abroad, that she would give me leave to write unto her, and withall, that liberty in writing, that she would not take any thing distastefully, but to read it over with patience, and deliberation, and desired likewise her answer in writing. This Letter I sent unto her, and received an answer in writing, that she was sorry that she was not at home at the time of my being there, which if she had knowne of, she would have remedyed, and desired she might see me, if I could conveniently, otherwise if I would take

take the paines to write unto her, she would be so farre from taking offence at any thing that I should write of, that she would thinke her selfe much bound unto me for the same, and did faithfully promise to reade it with patience, and due consideration, and withall desired me that I would write unto her in verse, because it was a thing she much affected, and would be pleasing unto her in the reading. Having understoode thus much by her answer, I determined to use the strongest arguments that I could for her reformation, hoping that my writing might perchance worke so much with her as it might bring her into a loathing of her former life, and perswade her to such courses as might be more profitable both to her soule, and body. Wherefore taking some paines for her conversion, I wrote these lines following, and making them up in a little booke, sent the same unto her, the successe whereof you shall afterwards heare.

To the faire *Amanda*.

1. **B**Old of thy promise, and obliged word,
From which I doe presume thou wilt not start:
Whereby thou didst so willingly afford
Acceptance of my lines with gentle heart,
And what I write to take in good part.
This is one ground that moves me to discover
My will to thee, then freely read it over.
2. But looke not here for pleasant tales of love,
Nor sycophantick speech to please thy sense:

*No lines encomiasticke thee to move,
Nor oyle words of gilded eloquence,
My humble Muse avoyds such eminence.*

*I doe not strive to please thee, yet well know,
I am a friend of thine, and not a foe.*

3. *My purpose is, to call thee to account
How thou hast wasted thy fore passed time:
Whether thy vertue doth thy vice surmount,
And how thou conquer'st passion in thy prime:
I must examine it, in this my rime.*

*Nay start not backe, nor throw it now away,
Thy word stands good against me, thou must stay.*

4. *Thou art arrayned, and indicted here
Of many impious, and vile offences
Use thy best policy thy selfe to cleere,
They are not vaine surmises, nor pretences,
But direct proofes, apparant inferences.
What sayes thy conscience to it, dar'st thou pleade
Not guilty, so thy doome to supersede?*

5. *No, no, thou canst not, it is too apparant,
The tincture that remaines upon thy name,
Is rooted in the marrow, ther's no warrant
Can shroul thee from an ignominious shame,
Reproach, and infamy doth blast thy fame.
And such a scandall hangs upon thy head,
As will not be by time abolished.*

6. *For know (Amanda) to thy grieve, even I
Have pri'd into thy secret passages,
And have observed with a watchfull eye
Such as to thee come with Embassages,
And understood their private messages,
I know their suits, and whereunto they tend.
And see destruction wait upon the end.*

7. I well perceive what thy companions are,
Rough roaring roysters, young untamed fellows,
Gallants from Court, and Captaines from the warre,
These to thy fire of lust doe blow the bellows.
Of such men I have reason to be jealous.
To thy bed chamber they have free access,
And revell there in beastly wantonnesse.
8. Th' acquaintance that thou hast, are whores, & bawds.
God damnees, drunkards, cheaters, swearers, thieves.
Young bold fac't Queanes, and old fore-ridlen Iades.
Such company as those thy want relieves.
These are thy mates, thou hang'st upon their sleeves.
And then besides thou alwaies hast in store
Thy Patronesse a Bawd, thy Mayd a Whore.
9. Thou think'st thou art not bad enough, unlesse
Thou dost invoke on God, to sinke and damne thee;
Nor that thou canst sufficiently transgresse,
Because no wickednesse at all will shame thee,
It is thy praise thou think'st, and none can blame thee,
To tip thy tongue with fearefull three-pil'd oathes,
And that they grace thee better than thy clothes.
10. Familiarly thou swear'st by life and death
By flesh, bloud, wounds, heart, foote, and soule of God,
Three or foure severall times within a breath,
Carelesse, and almost feareleesse of his rod.
As if thy life would have no period.
It is thy grace and glory for to rore,
And use strange oathes, unheard of heretofore.
11. Hath God forbid to take his Name in vaine
And thee commanded that thou shalt not sweare?
Dost thou despaire of mercy, as did Cain;
That nothing will constrain thee to forbear?

24 *The Reformed Whore.*

Hast thou within thee neyther love nor feare?
 The reines that thou dost give unto thy will,
 Makes thee runne headlong unio all that's ill.

12. Oh that one sinne should get another thus,
 And thy foule lust to be the cause of all;
 Thy oathes, and actions are so odious,
 They daily doe to Heaven for vengeance call,
 Prevent it then in time before it fall:

Make peace with God, before it be too late,
 Prevent his wrath thy sinnes abominate.

13. I have observ'd the wicked course thou lead'st,
 And know the places thou dost use to haunt,
 I see the path wherein thou dayly tread'st,
 I heare thee proudly honest vertue taunt,
 And of thy base, and wicked actions vaunt.

I see the little feare of God thou hast,
 At no time sorry for thy follies past.

14. This doe I know, and see it with mine eyes,
 It is not blaz'd unio me by report,
 I see thy Minion come in a disguise,
 And his kinde welcome, hugging of him for't,
 And whilst he staies, debarring all resort.

You as neere match'd, and undistinguish't twins,
 Wallow in filthy pooles of stinking sinnes.

15. I see thy wanton, thy unseemely carriage,
 And loose behaviour unio every commer:
 More bold then wert thou linkt to them in marriage,
 Spending thy youth, and vigour of thy summer,
 Sometimes with common Souldiers or a Drummer.

Nay, if thy lust, but once begin to burne,

A Dray man, or a Porter serves thy turne,

16. I see it, and it makes me tell thee thus,

Thou

Thou art unchast (alas a word too milde)
 Thou art a strumpet, and more odious
 Then Furies, or Hobgoblins to a childe.
 Thou art too tame, by being too too wilde.
 Thou art a Harlot, or if it be more,
 Thou art a shamelesse, and a bold-fac'd whore.

17. Did not I tempt thee minding for to try,
 And sound the depth of thy too loose condition ?
 Remember well, didst thou not answer I ?
 When as that answer strooke in me contrition,
 Sorry to see so ready a submission ;
 And no repulse at all, but giving fire
 Vnto the fuell of a hot desire.

18. I durst not thee condemne without a tryall,
 Knowing the great uncertainty of fame,
 I thought perchance I might have had deniall :
 Although I greatly did not doubt the same,
 But rather feared thou wert void of shame.
 And now thou hast confirmed my suspicion,
 By manifesting thy too base condition.

19. This was the marke at which I level'd first,
 And the chiefe cause to satysfie my minde.
 Though knowing nought, I did suspect the worst,
 Conjecturing which way thou wert inclinde.
 And now, as I suppose, I truely finde.
 Here therefore I my chiefeest force will bend,
 And put in practise what I did intend.

20. I thought within my selfe, that if I could
 Worke into thy acquaintance, for to know
 Thy secret disposition, then I would
 (Finding the same, as I imagin'd tho
 And as I did conjecture to be so)

26. *The Reformed Whore.*

- Use the best art, and policy I might
To make thee a reformed convertite.
21. For when I first beheld that face of thine,
I could not but commend the workes of nature
A looke so pleasing, as it were divine,
Of a well fashion'd, and a comely feature.
I thought thou wert an admirable creature,
Adorn'd with such a presence, that I saw
It well deserved reverence, and awe.
22. O Lord, thought I, what pity is't that thou,
And these sweete beauties should be put to sale?
Why should they, unto every peasant bow,
Till they are worne out or waxed stale:
And their fresh colour turn'd into a pale?
Is't not a misery that such a woman,
Should as a thing of nought be usde in common?
23. In pity therefore of thy wretched state,
And meerely in compassion of that face,
I vow'd my best, thy life to renovate,
And see if in thy brest there were a place
That would give entertainment unto grace.
For doublesse in my heart I should condole
The losse of such a body and a soule.
24. Surely thou art not made for such a one,
As now thou dost professe thy selfe to be.
Keepe thou thy beauty unto thee alone
Rather then to be prodigally free,
And let it live alone, and die in thee,
Before thou dost abuse it in this fashion,
To prostitute it with such exprobration.
25. God which created thee of such a fashion,
As few there are with thee to parallel,

Thy friends, that added to it education,
Making that better, which before was well,
So that thou dost exceed those that excell.

Of that faire Image wilt thou be so evill,
To make a habitation for the divell?

26. What, is there no man living on the earth
That can deserve to have thy single love?

Cannot a true affection have a birth
Within thy brest, ill fancies to remove,
And thy unbridled lust for to reprove?

Is there no place for vertue left within thee;
Nor no means from thy wickednesse to win thee?

27. Oh what a vile and hatefull thing it is
To all chaste eares for to be term'd a Whore?

The very name of such a thing as this
Is most contemptible to rich, and poore:
And breeds a loathing in them evermore.

That terme me thinkes should thee from folly win.
If nothing else, and make thee loath the sinne.

28. The very name will doublesse thee condemne,
Of all foule crimes, such payson in it lies.
Twill make all honest people thee contemne
Thy selfe alone it doth not scandalize,
But Parents, kindred, and thy friends likewise.

Vnder that word is commonly comprized
The foulest evils that may be devised.

29. Call to remembrance wherefore thou wert made,
Not to serve sinne, but serve the living Lord.
How dar'st thou then of Whoredome make a trade;
And leade a life, that is so much abhor'd:
Rejecting of his statutes, and his words?
And make those gifts of his thine owne damnation

28 The Reformed Whore.

which were ordain'd to further thy salvation.

30. He first created thee to be the Temple,
And habitation of the Holy Ghost.
And made thee perfect, fit for an example,
And wilt thou love him least, that lov'd thee most,
And strive to be one of the sheepe that's lost?
Hast thou no power to curb thy fond desire,
But headlong runn'st into damnations fire?
31. Consider well the way that thou art going,
And looke into the steps that thou hast trod.
Make not such haste unto thine owne undoing:
Thinke with thy selfe, ther's an all-seeing God,
That will correct thee with his scourging rod.
And hath ordain'd a hell from the beginning,
For such as unrepentant live in sinning.
32. What dost thou onely trust unto thy face,
And thinke thy beauty will acquite thy guilt?
Art thou growne shameles, and cleane voyd of grace?
Running against all modesty a tilt.
Vntill the beauty of thy soule be spilt?
Will no perswasion, nor no counsell winne thee,
Nor feare of God, nor morall vertue in thee?
33. Oh! wicked, and thrice wicked wantonnesse,
Accursed wretch, shame to virginity.
Thy breath doth blast the ayre, thou dost digresse
From all religion, stain'st divinity.
Twixt thee, and it, ther's no affinity.
Poyson thou drink'st, with affectation,
And spin'st the thread of condemnation.
34. Looke on thy selfe, and let thy inward thought
Examine well thy outward action.
Give not away that which was deerely bought,
Confound

CONFESION
Confound not reason with distraction,
Nor in thy senses make a fraction.

Let not thy conscience be distended so,
Nor smother vertue, where it ought to grow.

35. Looke backe into thy selfe, and call to minde
How thou hast spent the Aprill of thy daies,
Thinke how thou hast beene heretofore enclinde
And then consider of thy present waies:
And see if those or these deserveth praise.

And then looke forward to the times to come;
And see what Furies wait upon thy doome.

36. Of if thou think'st it be too hard a taske,
To call thy selfe to strict examination:
Then give me leave thy follies to unmaske,
And see if I can breed a detestation
Of sinne in thee, and worke a reformation.

I will not sooth thee in thy impious course,
But strive to make thee better, and not worse.

37. Heare then what I shall tell thee without faining.
And read the legend of thy wicked life.

Thou art a woman from no ill abstaining,
And neither art a widow, mayd, nor wife:
Dull in all vertue, but in vice most rife.

Full of deceit, and of dishonest tricks,
A shame unto thy selfe, and to thy sex.

38. See how all honest women doe abhorre thee,
Scorne thy acquaintance, and thy base society.
Where civill meetings are, they care not for thee,
But blush to heare of thy impiety,
Offending of so high a Deity. (nings.

Thou canst not fit their mirth, nor yet their moa.
Nor art thou for their churchings or their groanings

39. No civill Gossips feasts will thee invite,
Nor honest Bridall claime thee as a guest:
Grave modest Maivons loathe thy very sight;
And virgin-damsels doe thy course detest.
Thy sensuall life, more brutish then a beast:
That prostitues thy body thus in common,
Makes thee unworthy to be call'd a woman.
40. Consider how thy whoredome is attended
With many dismall, blacke, and fearefull sinnes.
Whereby the high Creator is offended.
Thy drunkenness, and gluttony, two twins
To serve thee at thine elbo, straight begins. (ring
Next these, with bloody oathes, thy fearefull swea-
And execrations, hell, nor heaven fearing.
41. And then thy scurrilous, and idle speaking;
With words obscene, and beastly language using.
Thy wilfull, and continuall Sabbath breaking:
Gods holy Name unreverently abusing,
And all religious, and good men accusing.
With these, dissembling, cheating, theering, pride,
A lying tongue, and all ill else beside.
42. This is the sinfull family thou keepest:
And these waite on thee at thy bed, and bord.
With these thou wakest, and with these thou sleepest;
Their absence at no time thou canst afford.
They wait thy pleasure, and obey thy word.
And while each banquets with thee as thy guest
Thy whoredome sits as mistress of the feast.
43. The furniture that doth adorne thy chamber
Are pictures of some famous Courtezan.
Here stands a boxe of Bracelets, Pearle, and Amber.
There by a watchet Riband hangs thy Fan:

And

And next to that a brazen Warming-pan.

By these within a Band-case lies thy Ruffe:

And next to that thy Brush, and then thy Musse.

44. *Neere to thy chamber window stands thy bed:*

Curtaines, and Vallens, hanging faire about it;
Which with a Rug, or Quilt is covered.

Sometimes within it, and sometimes without it

There dost thou dance carramo's, who needs doubt it?

And daily vauing for to use thy trade,

Thou quickly spoylest the fashon when it is made.

45. *At windowes end, are certaine glasses set,*

Fill'd with rare water, for to make thee faire.

At tother end, lockt in a Cabinet,

Are dainy powders for thy hands, and hayre.

White prick seam'd Gloves of Kid full many a paire.

With them are bags of precious sweete perfume;

And Masticke patches for to stay the rhume.

46. *At thy beds feete doth stand thy Trunke below:*

On which there are two letters for thy name.

Thylace, and dressing there thou dost bestow:

And in a painted boxe (Oh! fie for shame)

Thou putst thy playster, and there keep'st the same.

And in another likewise out of sight,

Thy Mallow rootes to make thy teeth looke white.

47. *Here likewise lies thy gorgets made of Lawne:*

Hard by, upon a nayle against the wall,

Doth hang thy Gownes, save those that are at pawne.

With them, thy Petty-cotes, and waste-cotes all:

Neere unto them, because the room's but small,

Wrapt in a paper, next unto thy Bever;

As light as thou thy selfe doth hang thy Feather.

49. *Nor farre from these doth stand all in a row*

A boxe

The Reformed Whore.

*A box with curles, and counterfeited haire,
Flaxen, browne, yellow, some as black's a Crow.
Iust under these doth stand thy groaning-chaire,
And close by it of Chamber pots a paire.*

*Then next thy bed, upon another shelve,
There stands a Pot of painting for thy selfe.*

49. *By that, within a glasse, doth stand a Potion
To cleare thy stomacke, and make sweet thy breath.
And then a heape of bookes of thy devotion
Lying upon a shelve close underneath,
Which thou more think'st upon then on thy death.*

*They are not prayers of a grieved soule,
That with repentance doth his sinnes condole.*

50. *But amorous Pamphlets, that best likes thine eyes,
And Songs of love, and Sonets exquisit.
Among these Venus, and Adonis lies,
With Salmacis, and her Hermaphrodite :
Pigmalion's there, with his transform'd delight.*

*And many merry Comedies, with this,
Where the Athenian Phryne acted is,*

51. *Two casements to thy window alwaies are,
One of the which stands open very wide.
Where thou present'st thy face, unmaskt, and bare :
And if by chance thou hast a gallant eyde,
Passing the street, that hath not thee espi'de,
Thou hast a tricke, which thou wilt seldome spare,
To give him notice that thou standest there.*

52. *For with a clap, thou pull'st the casement too,
That he may cast his eye up to the place,
With tother hand thou dost the next undoe,
And there againe present'st to him thy face :
And looking on him with a smiling grace,*

Then

Thou let'st the gallant thereby understand,
That thou art at his service, and command.

53. Betweene those casements hangs a Christall glasse,
Closde in a case Embosted faire with Gold,
Where thou dost oft view, and review thy face,
Spending whole houres thy picture to behold.
Sitting thy lookes the best way to be sold.

So turning round about, and walking then
Once through the roome, com'st to the glasse againe.

54. By this time, there is something sits awry,
One locke is bigger then the other is.
That hangs too farre backe, this too neere thine eye.
The pin upon thy band is set amisse:
Thy lace worne so is handsomer then this.

Then thus it must be, and then thus, and thus,
That Pendent's darke, this more perspicuous.

55. Thy swelling-breasts are not display'd enough,
Pull them up higher, set thy dressing lower.
Those strappings sute farre better with a Ruffe,
Tother is layd aside, this used more:

Thy Crossecloth is not pinned right before.

Thus with thy rissing, trimming, and thy mending,
Thou spend'st whole houres together without ending.

56. The Mistris of the house where thou dost lie,
Hath formerly beene of the selfe-same trade:
One that long since hath sold her honesty,
And now is turn'd from whore unto a Bawd,
And of a holding is become a Iade.

She tels thee, how thou should'st thy selfe demeane,
And act the part of an audacious Queane.

57. Two servants to attend thy lawlesse lust,
As Ministers of thy ungodly course,

F

Are

Are never wanting, by the which thou must
Fill the defects of thy decaying purse,
And make the wicked to become more worse.

With thee, and for thee, these doe use to wander,

One as a Pimpe, the other as a Pander,

58. Beside thy Pimpe, thy Pander, and thy Band,
To make thee a compleate, and perfect whore,
As necessary members to thy trade,
To helpe thee at thy need, thou keep'st in store,
Some well approw'd Physitian evermore.

As his assistants, lest thou should'st miscarry,

Thou hast a Surgeon, and Apothecary.

59. Thy Doctor he to keepe thy body cleane
Begins at first with his preparatives,
To make of thee a sound, and wholesome queane,
And then his purgatives, and his restoratives.
And afterwards with his preservatives.

Who for thy Iulips, Potions, Glisters, Pills.

To thy Apothecary sends his bills.

60. Directed thus by thy Physitian,
He must accordingly prepare them all,
And then comes to thee with his composition,
And brings thee Ielleys, with a Cordiall,
And other potions diureticall.

And as he tooke direction how to make them

So he must now enforme thee how to take them.

61. The Surgeon too must his attendance give,
With all such instruments as fits his art,
Without his needfull helpe thou canst not live,
To thy polluted corps he must impart
His chiefeſt skill to keepe thee sound at heart,
His seringe, and his cerecloths, and his paicher,

Muse

Must be applyed to thy sores, and aches.

62. *The places thou dost usually frequent,
Is to some Play-house in an afternoone.
And for no other meaning, and intent,
But to get company to sup with soone,
More changeable, and wavering then the Moone.
And with thy wanton lookes, attracting to thee,
The amorous spectators for to wooe thee.*
63. *Thether thou com'st, in severall formes, and shapes,
To make thee still a stranger to the place:
And traine new lovers, like young Birds to scrapes.
And by thy habit so to change thy face.
At this time plaine, too morrow all in lace.
Now in the richest colours may be had,
The next day, all in mourning blacke, and sad.*
64. *In a Stuffle Wastcote, and a Peticote
Like to a chamber-mayd, thou com'st to day:
The next day after thou dost change thy noie,
Then like a connirey wench, thou com'st in gray;
And sittest like a stranger at the Play.
The morrow after that, thou comest then
In the neate habit of a Citizen.*
65. *The next time, rushing in thy Silken weeds,
Embroyder'd, lac't, perfum'd, in glittering show.
So that thy lookes an admiration breeds,
Rich like a Lady, and attended so,
As brave as any Countesse dost thou goe.
Thus Proteus-like strange shapes thou venirest on
And changest hue, with the Cameleon.*
66. *The Play once ended, to some Taverne neere,
Thou, and thy Cope-mates presently resort,
Where the best wine, and the most costly cheere*

Must be provided in the neatest sort,
 For thy choyce pallat, else thou car'st not for't.
 And when thou hast it, yet thou canst not eate
 without a noyse of Fidlers to thy meate.

67. There dost thou spend thy time, till almost day,
 In drinking, dancing, and in beastly riot.
 And never think'st it time to goe away,
 Vntill some quarrell makes the house unquiet.
 Or a large bill affrights thee for thy dye.

The night thus spent, and mornings neere approach
 Sends thee home tumbling in a tottering Coach.

68. Thy new acquaintance brings thee to the dore
 Of thy close lodging in some private place.
 To know the house that ne'r was there before,
 And staying with thee but a litle space
 He takes his leave of thy so late-knownne face.

And tels thee, when the morning comes, that then
 At thy beds side, he'll visit thee agen.

69. To bed thou go'st about the houre of three,
 Drunke as a begger, else it were a wonder.
 Where thou continu'st till eleven it be,
 And never pul'st thine eye-lids once asunder.
 Nor wak'st by any stormy winde, or thunder.

Vnlesse it commeth in the Youngsters head,
 To take thee napping early in thy bed.

70. Then he comes ruffeling, ere his braynes be stiddy,
 With drinking Sacke, and Claret over night.
 Vnrust, unbutton'd, and scarce halfe made ready,
 Of his new Mistris for to have a sight,
 Hoping in time to be thy favorite.

And needs must feele if thy breasts are soft,
 And give thee in thy bed, thy mornings draught.

Then

71. Then thou sit'st up, to bid him welcome in,
 And striking of thy locks to eyther side,
 Display'st thy brest, to shew thy milke white skin.
 And if he list a journey for to ride,
 Thou art a Hackney, that hast oft beene tride.

And art not coy to grant him such a favour,
 To try the courage of so young a shaver.

72. Thus having had his pleasure as he list,
 With much good mirth, to eythers sweet content.
 He goes his way as soone as he hath kist,
 Vsing some plaine familiar complement,
 And for his sport, perchance benificent.

No sooner gone (as tis thy daily guise)

Iust about twelve thou think'st it time to rise.

73. Thy coates put on, and having left thy bed,
 Vnto the Looking-glasse thou straine dost goe.
 Whereas two houres thou spend'st about thy head.
 At two a clocke, thou goest to dinner tho
 With thy Land. lady, and her mayd below.

At three unto the Play-house backe agen,

To be acquainted with some other men.

74. Thou turn'st the day into a sleepey night:
 And change'st night into a waking day.
 To Gods appointment thou art opposite:
 What he commands thee, that thou dost gainsay,
 And neyther him nor nature dost obey.

Thy wicked heart, that's onely bent to evill

Doth make thee for thy God, to serve the diuell.

75. Thou laugh'st indeed, and liu'st in pleasant mirth:
 And fal'st in travell strongly with delight.
 But yet it doth not come unto its birth.

Thou groan'st at noone, but bring'st not forth till night

Of a strange issue that doth loathe the light.

Curs'd be those joyes, that bring, with lasting sorrow
For this daies mirth eternall death to morrow.

76. Thou feed'st thy pleasures as the Pelican
Doth feed her young ones, with her hearts deare blood
They likewise doe conspire against thee than,
To take thy life, and like that viperous broode
Gnaw through thy bowels, for to gaine their foode.
Accursed crew, of all things else most vilde,
Both murtherers, the mother, and the childe.

77. Thus dost thou spend thy time, to please thy will,
As if thou wert made onely for to sinne.
Thinking on nothing, but on what is ill,
Keeping out God, to let the diuell in.
Bending thy whole endeavours for to winne
A shamefull pleasure, that's not worth a thought
And lose a soule that was so dearely bought.

78. Thou dost not keepe one Sunday in a yeere.
Nor hear'st a Sermon once in two yeeres space.
Thou carest neither for to read nor heare.
Devotion dwels not in thee, nor yet grace.
No diuine thought hath in thy heart a place.
Thou hast no resolution or intent
Once to take comfort of the Sacrament.

79. Thou know'st not what to prayer doth belong,
Private, or publique, nor to meditation.
Thou dost not use to exercise thy tongue
In vocall sound, or silent adoration.
Nor send'st thy thoughts up by ejaculation.
Nor worship'st any Deity above
But Venus, and her sonne, the god of love.

80. who followes after fashions more then thou,

And

And who more rich in Jewels, Silke, and Gold?
Yet thou esteem'st them not halfe good enough,
For thee to weare if better may be sold.
Thy pride makes thee so impudently bold.

Thou dar'st compare thy selfe with any woman,
Though faithfull she to all, thou true to no man.

81. What honour doth thy cleathing purchase thee?
Or what respect attends on thy attire?
Thy Jewels are like blossomes on a tree,
That's cutting downe for fewell for the fire.
Gold worne by thee is prize as Copper myre.

Rich sumptuous garments, if thy body beare them
They are of no regard whilst thou dost weare them.

82. What glory hast thou gotten by thy face?
Or is thy beauty honoured at all?

To others such a feature were a grace,
And such a beauty were angelicall.
But thou that mak'st such gifts mechanicall.

Haynous reproach, and calumny dost doe them,
And tak'st away the honour due unto them.

83. Me thinkes I heare thee pleading an excuse,
And asking me, what I would have thee doe,
Thou sayst it worke, it never was thy use,
Thy friends did never bring thee up thereto.
And therefore know'st not how thou shouldst so doe.
Nor left thee meanes enough, for to defray.
The charge of life, to feede thee once a day.

84. Vnable therefore any paines to take,
And desittue of meanes whereby to live,
Since all thy Friends, and Kindred thee forsake,
And no man unto thee will comfort give,
Or in thy wants, or troubles thee relieve.

These

*These are the reasons that doe thee enforce
To take so wicked, and so lewd a course.*

85. *But will these reasons purge thee of thy crime,
And take away the guilt of thy offence?
Will these, to cleanse thy blot, at any time
Wipe off the scandall of thy impudence?
Or will they supersede thy indigence?*

*Is it more credit to be cald a whore,
Then to be counted honest though but poore?*

86. *Must riches onely make a roman civill,
And modesty be limited by wealth?
Wilt thou extract thy vertue from the diuell?
Being once sicke, wilt thou dispaire of health?
And reckon lesse of honesty then stealh?
Shall not faire vertue, thy foule vice controule?
Wilt thou to please thy body, kill thy soule?*

87. *Wherefore did the Almighty give thee hands?
For nothing but to trim, and decke thy face?
What is he bound to give thee meanes, and Lands
And more of thy deserts then of his grace?
Art thou not bound his Statues to embrace?
How art thou pufte in minde to thinke that thou
Shouldst live by sweating of anothers brow?*

88. *God made thee not to live in idlenes,
Nor to depend on nothing else but pleasure.
Thou oughi'st not so to wanton in excesse
But for to bound thy will within a measure,
And patiently for to attend his leasure.
If he will have thee poore, be thou content,
By honest labour earne thy aliment.*

89. *Learne to preferre an honest poverty
Before a wealthy, and a wicked life.*

Riches doe often make us runne awry,
 And stirs us up to hatred, and to strife.
 Then is a poore, and beautilous mayd, or wife,
 Nothing more comely, nor deseruing prayse.
 She is esteem'd the mirrour of her daies.

90. How would'st thou be unfit to manage wealth
 If such a blessing had bevyded thee?
 When as thou hast not wit to guide thy selfe,
 Nor carefully to thine owne body see:
 But of thy selfe so wastefully art free.

Such as respect not credit, nor good name,
 Are to all goodnes a reproach, and shame.

91. Dost thou thinke foule to live by honest paine,
 When tis esteem'd a commendable thing:
 Many thereby a vertuous name doe gaine,
 And to themselves deserved honour bring:
 Yet thou delight'st so much in wantoning.

Thou leavest God, to waite upon the diuell,
 And art asham'd of goodnes, not of evill.

92. Be not asham'd of that deserv's no shame:
 But shame to doe what brings a shamefull end.
 Be thou asham'd with shame to staine thy name,
 And shamefully thy honour to mispend,
 Such shame, a shamefull punishment will send.
 And as thou shamelesse of all shame dost live,
 So death to thee a shamefull end will give.

93. Thou dar'st not publicuely be scene abroad,
 For feare thy cloathes be pluckt from off thy backe.
 But keep'st thy chamber with thy Pimpe, and Bawd.
 For if thou walk'st the streets, thou shalt not lacke
 Such as will make thy bravery goe to wracke.
 Close stooles, durt, chamber-pots shall wash thy clothes

- For thy foule life, that stinkes as bad as those.
94. One comes, and cries aloud, there goes a whore,
 A Bridewell baggage, that deserves the lash;
 Oh hang her quene, she makes a thousand poore,
 'Tis pity there should live such filthy trash:
 To weare good cloathes, and swagger thus in lash.
 Pull off her Plush, disrobe her of her gowne,
 And into Kennell thrust the Strumpet downe.
95. Thus shewing, and out-crying they abuse thee,
 If that thou shew'st thy selfe in open Streete;
 And thinke it no dishonour to misuse thee,
 And if thy best acquaintance doth thee meet.
 He passeth by ashamed thee to greeete.
 Knowing it is a blemish to his name
 To be seene speaking to so bace a dame.
96. That makes thee like an Owle come forth by night,
 And steale into a Taverne in the darke,
 Because thou dar'st not to be seene by light.
 And fearing then, that some thy waies doe marke,
 Thou tremblest, if thou heare a dog but barke.
 The day to some doth fly away too fast,
 Thou reckon'st it the greatest foethou hast.
97. Oh! how a Constable will make thee start,
 And runne into a corner for to shun him.
 A Beedle puts such feare into thy heart,
 That thou can'st make thy feete strive to outrunne him.
 As if thou hadst beene she that had undone him.
 As children love the Beares of Paris-garden,
 So dost thou like the sight of a Church-warden.
98. Bridenell expects thee for to beate some Hempe.
 And Middleton doth want thee for his cart,
 The Compters will not yeeld thou art exempt.

From their command, but that they claime a part
And share in thee, and ought not thence to start.

The Marshals of the City, and the Court,
Must play with thee in earnest, not in sport.

99. Dost thou not blush Amanda, tell me true,
To see thy selfe as in a mirrour here?
I call thee by such names, as are thy due,
And speake the simple truth without all feare.
Nor can I any longer thee forbear.

Reade farther yet, and looke thou well unto it,
The pity I have on thee makes me doe it.

100. How many severall waies wilt thou devise
To make that faire which is but foule deceit.
Why dost thou cast such glances with thine eyes?
Tis but to draw the Fish unto the baite,
Thy golden Apples are but counterfeit.

Thy teares, thy sighes, thy smiles, thy pensive passion,
Are borrowed shewes, and meere dissimulation,

101. As a hot blast before a hasty shewre:
So are thy pleasing, and enamouring smiles.
Thy voyce Hiena-like, is to devoure,
Thy sweete alluring songs, are Syrens wiles.
Thy teares are but the teares of Crocodiles.

Eyes of a Basiliske, a Panthers breath,
A Tigers heart, intending nought but death.

102. Thou art a Serpent in a Christall brooke,
A poysoned Poizon in a Cup of Gold.
A Magicke spell within a golden booke,
A painted Sepulcher of bones, and mould,
Bitter in taste, though glorious to behold.

Thy rorish throat for guiltlesse Lambs doth gape,
And playst the devill in an Angels shape.

103. Drone like, from painefull Bee thou suck'st the honey,
 Moth. like, thou cloath'st, and feed'st on others spoyle.
 Canker-like eating, and consuming money.
 Grasshopper-like, thou sing'st whilst others toyle.
 And like a Caterpillar liv'st the while.

Like leproses thou art, or scabs, or tetter.

Or the blacke Crosse, before the row of Letters.

104. Thy glorious clothing, and thy glittering show,
 Thy gorgeous dressing, and thy painted face,
 Makes thee admir'd of them that doe not know
 The seeming substance of a fained grace.

But oh! within that heart there is no place

For vertues harbour, nor of sinne no sence,

But balefull lust, and sinking impudence.

105. How cunningly thy lover to deceive

Wilt thou faine shewes of sorrow, and of passion,

For sometime in his presence thou wilt leave

Thy wanton trickes, and then in imitation

Of a griev'd soule, thereby to gaine compassion,

Sigh, and seeme sad, dejecting of thy looke,

As of thy life, no comfort thou had'st tooke.

106. Then wilt thou tell him how thou lov'st the man,

And that his great neglect doth make thee sad.

That thou must love him still doe what he can,

Though backe from him no love againe be had.

And that through passion thou art almost mad.

Then wilt thou kisse, and hugge him in thine armes,

Sheding forth teares, to make those teares thy charms.

107. When out alas, thou scarce hast seene him thrice

And dost not know what honest love doth meane.

And then perchance forsooth thou wilt benice,

And tell him, thou dost scorne to be uncleane.

And

And dost abhorre the very name of queane.
 And by thy fained seemings so to winne
 My dainty gallant to a deadly sinne.

108. Thus ayming onely, to be onely ill,
 Thou seem'st to hate vice, that thou may'st be vicious.
 Willing to have unwillingly thy will,
 Striving through modesty to be pernicious,
 And hating whoredome, to be meretricious.
 Thus thy faire glosses seeme for to discover
 Thy cursed disposition to thy lover.

109. Consider how thy guilt doth make thee fly
 From house to house, from one Streete to another.
 Thou dar'st not in one lodging long time lie,
 But strive by changing place thy sinne to smother,
 That thy lewd courses no man may discover.
 Thou know'st full well, that what thou dost is ill,
 Yet wilt thou lose thy soule, to gaine thy will?

110. This moneth, neere Wesminster thy lodgings are,
 The next moneth thou remov'st to Clarkenwell.
 Within a while that chamber is to farre.
 Then to the Strand thou backe returnst to dwell,
 Ther's better trading, as report doth tell.
 From thence unto the City dost thou flie,
 And for a moneth or two thou there dost lie.

111. It is not long, but there is notice taken,
 That so much company makes thee suspected:
 And thereupon that place is straighr forsaken.
 To Shoreditch then thou go'st, to be protected,
 But there thou art not to thy minde respected.
 And therefore wisely to amend the matter,
 Thou think'st ther's better trading ore the water.

112. At Lambeth then thou sett'st up thy rest,

Because

Because that place is neere unto the Court,
 There for one quarter thou dost thinke it best.
 To make that place the place for thy resort,
 Where thou mayst best gaine profit with thy sport.
 But ther's a fault too, when the terme is ended,
 And Court remou'd, then thou art unbefriended.

113. Then for a while thy selfe to recreate,
 Thou think'st it best to take the Countreys ayre.
 And with new friends, thy selfe exhilarate.
 To Hackney therefore, thou dost straight repaire,
 Intending there to keepe an open faire,
 For there thou hop'st (if fame be not belide)
 That Hackney gallants will a hackney ride
114. Thus like a wandring vagabond, thou flyest
 From place to place, and at no place dost tarry.
 In Cuy, Suburbs, Countrey, if thou lyeest,
 Feare takes thee up, and thee from thence doth carry.
 So that thou liv'st like a vbiquitary.

Nor here, nor there, nor any where residing,
 But one that hath no home, nor no abiding.

115. And as thy lodging thou dost often change,
 So art thou metamorphosde in thy name,
 For using too, and fro, so much to range,
 In often moving thou dost lose the same.
 Well knowing thereunto thou art a shame.

Sometime thy name is Mary, sometime Anna,
 Within a while tis Edith, then Susanna.

116. Then wilt thou take the surname of another,
 And have it as thine owne, by usurpaizon.
 Forgetting that which thou hadst from thy mother,
 And so thou passest by that appellation,
 Till none is taken of thy occupation.

Then

Then as ashamed of it, that's forsaken,
And blotted out, and so another taken.

116. Thus in uncertainties thou alwaies dealest,
Constant in nothing, but committing sinne.
And by thy outward carriage thou revealest,
The disposition of thy heart within.

Where had there any grace, or vertue bin,
Thou would'st have loath'd so lewd a life as this,
Despising that, wherein no goodnes is.

118. Alas (Amanda) thinke upon the time,
How soone it fleets, and quickly flies away,
Now thou art young, and in thy flower, and prime.
Thou canst into the world but tother day,
Make a good market, for thou canst not stay.
Those pleasing lookes, and beautes which thou hast,
Will quickly wither, long they cannot last.

119. Let no such fading pompe, thy pleasure cherish,
Nor transitory joy, be thy delight.
Things that are good determine, and doe perish,
Much more the wicked pastimes of the night,
Although thy sinne doth glister, and looke bright,
By the continuall using of thy lust,
It will canker eate thy heart, and make it rust.

120. Doe not once thinke thou canst continue long,
When as all pleasures, and delights, are short.
Though now thou art respected being young,
It is no supersedeas for thy sport,
As thy daies wither, so declines thy port.
Time gnawes upon thee, and will thee devoure,
Before thou be aware, within an houre.

121. Foure or five yeeres will bring thee out of daie,
And make thee dry, as is a wither'd tree,

Then

Then all the beauty that thou had'st of late
Will be decayed, and found dead in thee.

And thou growne hoarse with crying woe is me.

Then will thy friends, and lovers thee forsake,
And no compassion on thy person take.

122. Nay, ten to one if thou so long dost last,
But that some foule, and loathsome grieve doth seize:
Before two summers over thee have past, (thee,
Some angry rising ulcer will disease thee:
Or else some sore, as bad as that displease thee.

Thy Mercury, thy Vnguent, and thy Lotions
Will eate thy flesh, and worke in thee strange motions.

123. Ther's a disease that is the plague of whores,
Which rooteth in the marrow and the bones.
Within thee, and without thee full of sores:
That, that I say, will take thee all at once,
And make thee to reduplicate thy groines.

That Morbus Gallicus will fill thy vernes,
And gnaw into thy bowels, and thy reines.

124. Where are thy lovers then, and all thy friends?
What profit is there of thy gaudy clothes?
Where are the men that to thee comfort send?
That so much vow'd with many fearefull oathes?
He that seem'd then to love thee most, now loathes.

Thou, full of aches, groanest by the wall.

And no man sees, nor pitties thee at all.

125. Now vengeance doth begin to shewre upon thee,
And every one doth laugh at thy distresse.
Where are thy pleasures now, that have undone thee?
This is the fruit of thy licentiousnesse.

Thy griefes are more then I can well expresse.

And thou forlorne, forsaken, full of woe

Ly'st bed-rid, full of paine, and canst not goe.

116. *Example take, by such as heretofore
Set light by honesty, as thou hast done,
And bravely liv'd, by playing of the whore.
Observe their manner, when they first begun.
And how they entertayned every one.*

*The honour they have gotten, and the glory,
And marke their ending, when thou readst the story*

117. *Licaste of Sicilia, long agoe,
The famous Courtesan of all her daies.
Thessalian Metra, one that liv'd a foe
To civill modesty, and Maïrons praise.
Faire Rhodopis, that shin'd with beauties rayes.
Læna, Flora, the Athenian Thais.
Bright Batine, and the Corinthian Lais.*

118. *These were the famous creatures of their time,
Much sought too for their beauties, and admired.
And whilst they bravely flourish't in their prime
None were so much resorted, or desired,
Till with their often riding they were tired.
Princes, Philosophers, and famous men
Longed to be of their acquaintance then.*

119. *In pompe they liv'd, and great magnificence,
Enjoying all things to their hearts content :
Clothed in robes of greatest eminence,
Feeding on dainties for their aliment,
And wanting nothing thereto congruent.
Thus they enjoy'd a while delight, and pleasure,
In gorgeous clothes abounding, and in treasure.*

120. *But when their beauty ceased for to shine,
And sliding time began to make them old,
Their glorie then did presently decline,*

And those that fed them to the full with gold,
Withdrew desire, and made affection cold,

Their Pompe decaying, and their gotten store,
Made them at length become exceeding poore.

131. The price that was at first an hundred pounds,
To quench the fury of their burning fire,
Fell quickly downe, to lesse then twenty Crownes.
Nay if that any were dispos'd to try her,
A single Crowne, or halfe a Crowne would buy he:
And rather then she would a cheap man misse,
She would be bought with halfe the price of this.

132. The great ones then, when they had cast them off,
And surfeited themselves in their delight.
Those dainty faces were to them a scosse.
Nor did they once respect at all their sight.
They were abhor'd, and disesteemed quite.

Then every rude, and base mechanicke slave,
Got his desire, in what he wisht to have.

133. At length forsaken of the rich, and poore,
Their beauty vanisht, and their glory gone,
Despised, scott, and scorn'd, from dore to dore,
They sadly walkt, disdain'd of every one.
Their cries unheard, unpitied their moane.
They lay them downe, distressed, and forlorne,
And die with wishing they had ne'r beene borne.

134. Yet they are more to be excus'd then thou,
Because they had not knowledge of a god,
And sinn'd, not knowing against whom, or how,
Hearing, nor fearing of his scourging rod.
Nor did they know the way wherein thy trod.
But in blinde ignorance did walke awry.
Having no notice of a Deity.

135. But thou hast with a greater care beene bred,
And well acquainted with Gods holy Word.
Thou know'st the path, which thou dost daily tread,
Leads unto hell, and that thy life's absurd.
And will damnation in the end afford.
Thy conscience tels thee that thy course is evill,
Displeasing God, and pleasing to the devill.
136. And yet thy knowledge doth not worke at all,
To bring thy life to reformation:
Thou wilt not heare the Lord when he doth call,
And suffer'st in thy heart an obduration.
And practisest recidivation.
Thy voluntary wilfulnesse doth bend
To worke thy owne destruction in the end.
137. Shall I delare unto thee in a word,
The verue of unstain'd virginity?
What strange, and rare effects it doth afford,
Being to grace allyed by affinity:
How neere it cometh to divinity.
What hath beene acted by the influence
Of undefiled, and chaste continence.
138. Laerthes, King of Ægypt being blind,
And seeking long time cure, but finding none,
Was by Apollo's Oracle, enjoyn'd
To get a womans water, that had knowne
The use of one man, and but onely one.
And with the same, his blinded eyes wash over,
He should (and did) his long lost sight recover.
139. A vestall virgin, called Claudia,
To make't appeare, that she had lived chaste,
Did draw the Image of Aritia
Vp Tiber-river, where the same was plac't,

Tying it onely to her girdle fast.

*When as the same, all other meanes being proved,
Could not by any force at all be moved.*

140. *Another Vestall, Tuccia by name,*

Being accus'd of fornication,

For to acquit, and free her from that shame,

And to remove that imputation,

Cleered her selfe (and got such commendation

As nothing else the like to her could give)

By bearing of faire water in a Sieve.

141. *Loe here Amanda, and obserue it well,*

The strange effects that chastity hath wrought,

Such things as are incredible to tell,

By vertue thereof, hath to passe beene brought.

Which to our judgments would have come to nought.

At what high rates then, ought'st thou to have priz'd

And not in such base sort to to have despis'd it. (in)

142. *On tother side, behold the strange events,*

The ruines, downfalls, and the desolations,

Bloudy destructions, fearefull accidents,

Of Kings, of People, Countreys, Kingdomes, Nations.

Their miseries, and their depopulations.

That have bin wrought, through foule concupiscence.

And by that ougly sinne, Incontinence.

143. *How many Kings have lost Emperiall Crownes?*

Their lives, their Wives, their Children, Subjects all?

How many Cities, and renowned Townes,

Have into ashes beene observ'd to fall,

By that one sinne, that sinne veneriall?

It were too long, too tedious to relate,

I would tire thy senses to enumerate.

144. *Had Helena beene true, the famous Troy*

Had

*Had never suffer'd by the Græcians armes.
She had not tasted of that sad annoy
Which was procured by their proud alarmes,
Nor they themselves, had suffer'd halfe those harmes.
Young Alexander had not lost his life.
And Menelaus had enjoy'd his wife.*

145. *Hector had liv'd, that died so well belov'd.
The stately tower of Ilion had stood,
And the Palladium had not beene remov'd.
Old Priam, and his fifty headed broode,
Had not all by the sword pour'd out their bloud.
The Græcians had not stoned Hecuba,
Nor had they sacrific'd Polixena.*

146. *These mischiefes, and a thousand others moe,
By lust, and by concupiscences rage,
Did all accrue, that else had not beene so.
The like enormities in every age
Still swell apace, and never will assuage.
And thy foule life, by playing of the whore
Adds to the wound, and doth increase the sore.*

147. *Vnto thy followers, thou deinst to give,
Two liveries, whereby they may be knowne:
Which they doe weare so long, as they doe live,
For their true service unto thee alone,
Of these two liveries, the paxe is one,
With this, as a companion, or a brother
Is poverty, copariner with the other.*

148. *These two are never absent from thee long,
But waite upon thee, wheresoe're thou go'st.
They serve thee being old, as well as young,
And cleave unto thee whaisoe're thou do'st.
From place to place they haunt thee like a ghost.*

*These shew the great dependance that they have
Nor parting, till they bring thee to thy grave.*

149. *How many fearefull curses doe attend thee,
And execrations hang upon thy life,
Praying that God, such miseries would send thee,
As amongst wretched creatures are most rife?
Thy father, mother, kindred, man, and wife,
As thou endeavour'st to grow worse, and worse,
They all heape on thee curse upon a curse.*

150. *Thy father is asham'd to name thee daughter,
Thy mother blusheth for to call thee child,
Thy kindred all implore the high Creator,
That since thou shamest not to be defil'd,
As is thy life, so may thy end be vild.*

*Thy brothers, sisters, friends, acquaintance all,
Wish that the plagues of Egypt on thee fall.*

151. *Thou ruin'st heires, and mak'st them sell their lands,
To beggary thou bringest men of wealth.
Thou mak'st good husbands for to forfeit bands,
And younger brothers for to live by stealth.
Thou mak'st a man diseas'd that was in health.
And those that ne'r intended wicked course,
Thou mak'st them daily to grow worse, and worse.*

152. *Thou mak'st the husband leave his loving wife,
And the rich father to neglect his sonne:
To maidens thou dispraisest civill life.
By thy allurements masters are undone,
And servants are confounded many a one.
The fatherlesse, and widow, as forlorne,
Doe curse the time that ever thou wert borne,*

153. *Tis thou, that often art the cause of murder,
Of blasphemy, of drunkenness, and theft,*

Thou

Thou mak'st the wicked man to runne on further,
And spend his meanes on thee, till none is left.
And since thy selfe art of all good bereft.

Thou dost so much delight in doing euill;
Thou art a painefull steward for the diuell.

154. And yet methinks, if thou conceivest aright,
The little honour, & respect is shorne thee,
Of such as daily doe frequent thy sight,
And of thy company that best have knowne thee.
How they in publique places will not owne thee.
That thing alone should make thee change thy mind
And be more pure, as metall new refin'd.

155. Thou seest daily how they doe abuse thee,
And to thy face, will call thee common whore.
Nor doe regard, how basely they doe use thee,
By thy rich clothes they set not any store.
But tumble,rosse, and rouse thee, evermore.
Pulling from thee thy Jewels, and thy Rings,
And using all thou hast as common things.

156. Thinke of the famous women heretofore,
whose chastity, fidelity, and fame,
Not onely in the rich, but in the poore.
Have purchas'd to themselves a lasting name,
Of matchlesse honour, and still keep't the same.
Their classicke vertues, to their endlesse glories.
Have volumes fill'd with memorable stories.

157. Poore Baldraca, the mirrour of a mayd,
Though base by birth, of meaneſt parentage.
Thought scorne to have her honestly betray'd,
By Otho, greatest Monarch of that age,
Though he a Kingdome for it would ingage.
She highly priz'd her honour, more then treasure,
And

- And scorn'd his gifts should win her to his pleasure.*
158. *Read thou the Story of Penelope.
Of Chiomara, and Timoclea.
Of Camma, and of bright Zenocrite.
Of the Egyptian faire Edefia.
Of Claudia, and of chaste Lucretia.*

*And many more beside, whose high-priz'd worth,
In Histories are to their praise set forth.*

159. *Theano blush't, when one by accident
Esp'd her arme, unto the elbow bare.
Doubting she should be thought incontinent,
And therefore as ashamed, and in feare,
Forthwith to cover it shee did not spare,
Blaming her selfe, that let it so be seene,
As if therein, immodest she had beene.*

160. *Oh! wert thou but of her opinion,
And neere allide iⁿ true to the rest,
So as, twixt thee, and them there were a union:
And that thou couldst a better course digest,
Then that which hitherto thou hast exprest.
Thy meretricious life would be amended,
And thou at thine owne follies much offended.*

161. *But now the course that thou dost undertake,
Is most abominable, rude, and base.
It makes the hearts of honest people ake,
So vile a life should spoyle so faire a face.
Want of Gods feare, and of his heavenly grace,
Hath overgrowne thy heart with impudence,
And fill'd thy veines full of concupiscence.*

162. *Yet doe not thinke (Amanda) that thou art,
The onely she, which hath this way transgress't.
Though sinne hath made a conquest of thy heart.*

And

*And for some yeeres, hath thereof beene possess.
Grace notwithstanding, hath an interest.*

*On which, if wisely thou lay hold in time
It will re-enter, and exict thy crime,*

163. *Commence thy suite against the power of hell,
By writ of Melius Inquirendum brought.
And prosecute it, till thou dost expell
That bold suggestor, lust: and brought to nought
Her false suggestions, that these mischiefes wrought.
Three helpes thou hast to make thy title faire,
Against all claime, Repentance, Faith, and Prayer.*

164. *These three conjoynd, bind fast the armes of sinne.
Chaine up ill thoughts, ill words, ill actions all,
Expelling vice, and letting vertue in.
They captivate, I say, and keepe in thrall
The force of hell, and pow. Sathanicall.
By these thou dost ascend into the throne
Of the almighty Godhead, three in One.*

165. *Be not dismayd (Amanda) nor despaire,
Although thy sinnes are of an oughly shape.
Boldly approach to God by frequent prayer.
Ther's yet a meanes, whereby thou mayst escape,
And stop bels mouth, though it so wide doth gape.
As bad as thou, have wallowed in like sinne,
whose heart at last have let Gods spirit in.*

166. *Hilaria's daughter; Aphra, borne in Creete,
A famous Bawd, as in those daies did live,
For prostitution did three servanus keepe,
Common for any, that would money give.
She for her folly past, did so much grieve,
That by Narcissus of Ierusalem
Being converted, sufferd Martyrdome.*

167. Niceta faire, and Aquilina too,
 Both famous strumpets of admired feature.
 Were by St. Christopher, transformed so,
 That each of them, became a new made creature,
 Embracing grace, and quite forsaking nature.
 And after many torments, and much paine,
 Under King Dagnes, both of them were slaine.
168. Another Thais, an Egyptian borne,
 Growne very rich by prostitution.
 Of whose vile course, Panutius oft did warne:
 Was wonne at last, by's admonition,
 Vnto a godly, and devout contrition,
 Went from the stewes, whereas she liv'd a whore,
 And in a Monastery died poore.
196. Pelagia of Antioch sometime
 Exceeding rich, and beautifull withall,
 Immoderate in lust, and in her prime.
 Her minde, that was before venereal,
 By Bishop Nonius, grew seraphicall.
 Her sinnes bewail'd, her wealth at nought she set,
 Liv'd, and did poorely in Mount Olivet.
170. See to thy comfort these, and many more,
 Whose boundlesse lust had made them satans slave:
 Yet notwithstanding nere converted so,
 And from their sinnes retracted, that they have
 By penitence (their wicked soules to save)
 Through Christ obtain'd their sins to be forgiven,
 And are now crowned blessed Saints in Heaven.
171. Thus the true penitents shall mercy finde,
 Although their sinnes are of a Scarlet die,
 And sure, unlesse thou wilfully art blind,
 Thou mayst perceive grace offer'd to thine eye.

Embrace

Embrace it then, I charge thee presently.

Or else I see thee so expos'd to slaughter,

Earths plagues will seize thee here, & hels hereaf-

172. I see (me thinkes) a solemne Congregation (ter.

At Old-Bridevell, of grave, and solid men,

Sitting together there in consultation,

What punishment shall be inflicted then

On thy polluted corps, and thou agen

Standing neere to them in another roome,

Trembling with feare, attending of thy doome.

173. The Iudges on thy pennance there agree'd,

For executing of their strict command.

According as they had before decreed,

A Beedle comes, and takes thee by the hand

To bring thee forth, and lets thee understand,

That thou for all thy bravery, and cost,

Must walke with him unto the whipping post.

174. Whither he brings thee, straightwaies without staying,

Puls off thy robes, and lockes thy hands up fast.

Then to his office, without long delaying,

Thy clothes pul'd downe, starke naked to thy waste,

He thereby lets thee understand the taste,

Of his smart whipcord, where there doth imprint

Each lash a seame, and every knot a dint.

175. For flourishing with hand above his head,

And shaking of his foure limb'd instrument,

In the descent, so learnedly they spread

About thy shoulders, that incontinent

Thy dainy skin, is all sanguinolent,

And so he deales his lashes one by one,

Till the set number of his stripes are done,

176. Thus being of thy silkes, and Savins stript,

Exposde to publique shame, and so disgrac'd.
 And for thy impudent abuses whipt:

A poore blew gone upon thy backe is plac'd,
 And Cancrius coxse upon thy head unlac'd.

Where in that guise thou marchest from the flocke,
 And then dost practise Hempe, & Flax to knocke.

177. This is the least of all that can beide thee,
 If by great fortune thou diseases misse.
 The lish will scourge thee, and thy friends deride thee,
 And whatsoever more disgracefull is,
 That will attend thy shame, as well as this.

And nothing shall be wanting, till thou hast,
 Plague upon plague, for all thy follies past.

178. Thus living in dishonour, and disgrace,
 A scandall to thy Kindred, and thy Friends:
 Thy pleasure lasting but a little space,
 Ripe in iniquity, thy glorie ends,
 And to a dismall sad confusion tends.

And having lost thy credit, and good name,
 Conclud'st thy daies in infamy, and shame.

179. For being turn'd into the open streete,
 Vnworthy of a chamber, or a bed,
 Bare legg'd, not having shooes unto thy feete,
 Nor any thing, to put upon thy head.
 Scarce rags to keepe thy secrets covered,
 Ly'st unlamented, for the lice to gnaw,
 And eate thy flesh upon a pad of straw.

180. Where being full of aches, sores, and biles,
 Thy beauty turned to a tawny hue,
 And that consum'd, which was so faire ere whiles,
 Vnknowne of those, that thee but lately knew,
 As a just vengeance to thy merits due.

*Breathest thy last, beneath some open stall,
Or dost diseased in an Hospitall.*

181. *There lies thy pompe, and glory in the dust,
Thy body cloth'd with raggs, and all too torne,
Thy flesh consum'd, and wasted by thy lust.
Loathed, condemn'd, disdain'd, and held in scorne.
Not one of all thy friends for thee will mourne.
Nor hardly thinke thee worthy for to haue,
To hide thy stinking corps, a simple grave.*

182. *Loe here Amanda, view thy selfe at large,
Behold thy life, and after that thy death,
Peruse each line, and letter, I thee charge.
Let it not be forgotten in a breath,
To thy best thoughts I doe the same bequeath.
Advisedly consider of the matter,
I tell thee what is true, and scorne to flatter.*

183. *And if it take effect as I desire,
And breede a sorrow for thy time mispent,
If it shall cause thee from thy course retire,
And be a meanes to make thy heart relent,
And be reform'd by my admonishment,
Assure thy selfe that thou hast gain'd a friend,
That shall not faile thee till his life doth end.*

184. *For my sake therefore I adjure thee here,
To turne thy course, and bend another way:
For thy friends sake, to whom thou shouldst be deere,
Come home unto thy selfe, and doe not stay.
For thine owne sake, I charge thee to obey,
And in compassion of that soule of thine,
Live not in darknesse when the sunne doth shine.*

185. *Pity thy yeeres, that are but young, and tender,
Pity thy fathers care, thy mothers love,*

For thy sad kindreds sorrow, pity render.
Let thy acquaintance some compassion move,
Looke not still downe, but raise thy thoughts above.
If no thing else prevaile, let feare of God,
Worke thy conversion, and his threathing rod.

186. Strive to regaine the honour thou hast lost.

And seeke thy ruin'd credit to repaire.
Thy conscience is benum'd with follies frost,
Let thy warme teares of sorrow thaw the ayre
That chills thy heart with nipping cold despaire.
And so dissolve thy crusty yce of sinne,
That hot repentance, may let mercy in.

187. Redeeme the time that thou hast spent in vaine,

And persue honour as thou follow'd'st vice.
Although unwilling, yet thy selfe constraine,
Against thy will to vertue be not nice.
Tire not in acting goodnesse, twice or thrice.

But persevere from one unto another,
As happy daughter of a blessed mother,

188. And when thou hast this litle Pamphlet read,
And seene the scope whereto these lines doe tend;
Let them not passe an hower out of thy head,
Vntill thy sorrow make thy life amend,
And worke a reformation in the end.

Doe not, oh doe not, put them from thy heart,
But to thy sickly soule some helpe impart.

189. Then shall my prayers flie aloft with thine,
And my desires seeke earnestly thy blisse.

Thy happinesse shall be to me as mine.
Thy godly sorrow, for thy life amisse,
Shall breed such joy, as none shall be like this.

The comfort that thy soule shall thereby taste,
Shall

Shall be a Crowne of glory at the last.

190. *In hope therefore of this my good successe,
And of a happy welcome to these lines,
Wishing thou mayst thy wicked lusts suppress,
I leave thee unto him, whose grace refines,
Praying his blessing unto these designs. (give,
Heavens grant thee that which none on earth can
A life prepar'd to die, a death to live.*

When I had written these lines, I made them up in a little booke, and by a friend which I had, sent them unto her lodging, with a letter likewise to be delivered unto her, both which my friend presented to her owne hands, and she receiving of them thankfully, read over the letter presently in his sight, and told him, that so soone as she had perused the booke, which should not be long, she would send her answer unto me: and so my friend taking a courteous farewell, left her, and returned telling me of the kinde welcome both of the letter, and the booke, which I was glad to heare of, and therefore hoped in a short time to receive her answer, which I did with might be according as I both expected, and desired. I waited for her answer about ten daies, and not hearing from her, well knowing in that time she might at her leisure have read it over, I began to wonder what the reason should be, imagining, that either she was loath to bestow so much paynes as to reade it, or else having read it, she was offended at it, and being willing to be satisfied herein, yet unwilling that she should take any notice of my desire, I sent another friend, not to her lodging, but neere unto it, to the
end

end that I might be assured whether she still continued there, or whether she were removed to any other place: my friend taking occasion secretly to enquire of her, understood by one of the neighbours, that she kept her old lodging, and that she had lately beene very sicke, and was not then recovered. Of which her sicknes, when I understood, I was in some hope that she had considered seriously on the contents of the booke, and that it had wrought so farre with her, that she had layd the same to her heart; and was thereby drawne to a strict examination of her owne life, which might be the meanes of troubling her conscience, so farre, as that it might breede a distemper in her body, and so be the cause of impairing her health: desirous therefore to understand how she digested it, & whether there were any other cause of her disease, I sent my friend to her lodging to see how she did, not taking any notice that I had knowne of her sicknesse, and withall, to excuse my not coming unto her all that time: whither when he came, he was willingly conducted into her chamber, where she then lay in her bed, and delivering his message unto her, she told him that she had beene very ill, and wonderfull desirous to see me, and entreated him to signifie so much unto me, and that she was minded to send a messenger unto me, but that by reason of her sicknesse she knew not how conveniently to doe it (not speaking one word unto him concerning the booke.) My friend not staying long with her, and promising to acquaint me with her desire, departed: and telling me what her request was, and in what case he found her, I resolved within few daies

to visit her, and accordingly within a day or two after, I came unto her chamber, where being entred, I found her sitting in her chaire by the fire, and weeping exceedingly. I comming in so suddenly, and she turning her head espying of me, presently leapt out of her chaire, and comming towards me, tooke me by the hand, and looking earnestly in my face, she began to speake to me to this effect, the substance whereof for memory sake I have set downe in verse, as followeth, viz.

The penitentiall answer of the reformed *Amanda*.

1. **O** H thou that art the onely man alive,
Which with these eyes I did desire to see.
Thou, thou, for whom my heart shall alwaies strive
To graiulate the kindnesse shorne by thee,
Wilcome a thousand, thousand times to me.
Wuh that, the teares gusht from her eyes apace,
And silence staid her tongue a litle space.
2. Then breaking forth in words againe, she said,
Comedierest friend, and sit thee downe by me.
Thy presence makes me joy, and well appaid.
I have great matters to reveale to thee,
Such as till now I thought would never be.
Then rising from her seate, she lockt the dore,
And came, and sat downe by me as before.
3. And fixing earnestly her eye upon me,
In a still silent manner she lookt on me,
And sae as if she had beene in a trance,

At length her milke white hand she did advance.

And then the same within my hand she laide,
whilest with a ruhfull voice these words she said.

4. I have perus'd each letter in thy Booke,

And carefully considered every line.

I did advisedly the same overlooke,

Applying of it to this heart of mine:

Which is awakened by those words of thine,

And thereby doe I understand aright,

My much lamented state, and wretched plight.

5. I see the scope whereio thy thoughts doe tend,

And understand the marke at which thou aim'st,

I finde thou art unto my soule a friend,

And through thy love thereto such right thou claim'st,

That thou wouldest save it, though my life thou blam'st.

Oh such a friend how can I truly prize?

With that the teares downe trickled from her eyes.

6. But doe not thinke, quoth she that thou hast wrought

On a remorselesse stone, or senselesse stocke:

Let it not enter once into thy thought,

That thou hast beate an Adamantine rocke,

But unto me hast beene as Peters Cocke.

Checking my sinfull life, that I might know,

The path was ill which I had traced so.

7. Thou hast depaigned here unto the life,

The miserablest creature ever breath'd,

A female wretch, unfit to make a wife,

Shame to the sex, one of all good bereau'd.

That hath all mischiefe in her heart conceav'd.

That nought but ougly sinnes about her beares,

A foule offence unto all modest eares.

8. Thou hast before me laid what e'r is ill,

Murther

Murder, lust, thiefdome, drunkenness, and pride.
 All these with free consent, and willing will,
 I have embrac'd, and none of them deny'd.
 With many other fearefull sinnes beside.

Thou plainly hast discover'd unto me,
 And made me see what erst I could not see.

9. How blinde was I, that knew not this before,
 And yet I know, I knew it too too well.

But wanted that true knowledge evermore,
 That should unto my seared conscience tell,
 That I was running downe the hill to hell.

Thou hast wide open set my hood-winkt eyes,
 And made me see the devils fallacies.

10. Thou hast made knowne to me the short content
 And fleeting comfort of a fading pleasure.

The miseries that waite on merriment,
 Though they looke Gold-like, yet they are not treasure,
 A sudden joy that brings forth grieve at leaseure.

A gilded Pill, where poison lieth under,
 A lighning flash before a clap of thunder.

11. Nor hast thou lost the labour that thou took'st,
 But brought thy paines unto a perfect end.

Thou hast obtain'd the thing for which thou look'st
 And as thou hast exprest thy selfe a friend,
 Beyond all friendship, and thy love doth tend
 To so much good, as for to save a soule,
 Teach me at full, my follies to condole.

12. For loe my heart is like to breake with sorrow,
 For my lost time, and for my life misled.

Well could I wish to die before too morrow,
 And happie should I be if I were dead.
 Since all true comfort from my heart is fled.

But that my conscience tels me presently
I am not yet prepared for to die.

13. For my sad soule that is of sable hue
Stain'd with the spots of millions of sinne
Must with a floud of teares be washt anew:
My hardned heart to melt must first begin,
And let a true repentance enter in,
Before I can expect, or hope to have,
Comfort from him that did my soule to save.
14. Oh leave me not in this my great distresse,
For feare I yeeld to desperation;
My sinfull heart doth feelee such heavinesse,
And in it selfe such perturbation,
That I am void of consolation;
Ready to sinke into the deepe abysse,
Of hels blacke gulfe, where nought but horror is.
15. Put forth thy helping hand to save me then,
And keepe me from the hazard I am in:
Thou brought'st me downe, now raise me up agen.
And heale the sore that festred is by sinne,
Cure a sicke soule by wholesome medicine.
Purge the malignant humours which doe feede
The swelling vice that in my heart doth breede.
16. I must confesse I swim'd in lawlesse pleasure,
And gave large reines unto my boundlesse lust.
I dranke all vices in an equall measure,
And let religion in my heart to rust,
And suffer'd on my conscience such a crust,
That no remorse or sorrow for my sinne,
Could have admittance, or once enter in.
17. A Taverne was the Temple I did use,
A Stage the market where I bought, and sold,

The Cloyster that I liv'd in was a stews.
 My Chamber the Exchange, my trade i' uphold.
 There did I traffique, and contract for gold.
 My ghosly father was a Galenist,
 My Clarke a Pimpe, a Pander was my Priest.

18. I offer'd Holocausts on Venus Altar,
 And burned Incense to the god of Love.
 My Praier-booke Astianassa's Psalter,
 My Mattins were to Aphrodite above,
 My Vespers would not Amarusia move,
 Nor actions for a chaste Zenocrite,
 But suiter for a wanton Chione.

19. Twas I that dranke iniquity like water,
 And with the sow did wallow in the mire.
 I sported, like Adultus wanton daughter,
 And let my selfe for money out to hire:
 I was a bargaine fit for any buyer.
 For Silver to mechanickes I was sold,
 But with the Nobler sort I dealt for gold.

20. I caus'd the usurer to empt his bags,
 And made those fooles that were esteemed wise,
 I shifed gallants from their robes to rags,
 And chang'd their plush into a Countrey frize,
 And by my cunning crasy policies.
 I did allure the modest, and the chaste,
 Of Cytheraxan dainties for to taste.

21. All sorts, all ages, all degrees of men,
 I could apply my selfe to please their paller.
 To Lords, to Genry, to the Citizen,
 I could prepare my selfe a dainty sallet:
 Or to the begger that doth beare the wallet.
 And like unto Theramines his shoe,

- That fitted each mans foote, so could I doe,
 22. Let a new lover take what shape he would,
 As Neptune to Bialtis like a Ramme.
 As Iove to Danae in a shewre of Gold.
 Or to Aegina, in a fiery flame,
 Or like a Swan, as he to Leda came,
 Or to Europa, in a Bulls true shape,
 He hardly could my wily snares escape.
 23. As Rhodope the Thracian Curiezan
 Did make Caraxus spend his whole estate,
 And so through want of meanes turne Pirate than,
 Whereby he did incurre a mortall hate,
 And on himselfe a lasting scandall brought.
 So hath my luxury consum'd to nothing
 Rich heires, and made them steale for meat, and clo-
 24. How many men have perisht by my fault: (thing.
 And how am I made guiltie of their sinne?
 Can I be ever sound that thus doe halt,
 And by my winding plots, and cunning ginne,
 Inrap't the simple, and ensnar'd them in.
 Can I a ransom pay for this offence,
 Or e'r be able to make recompence?
 25. Oh noe, I cannot, for beside my owne,
 Other mens guilt lies heavie on my soule,
 I have not beene content to sinne alone,
 But caused others to make mine more foule,
 And in their filkinnesse did likewise rowle.
 Their follies with mine owne I did conjoine,
 And by commixtion made their vices mine.
 26. I was as common as the Præetides,
 Receiving all that came with joy, and mirth,
 I thought on nothing but my owne delights.

- Thinking there was no other heaven but earth,
(Ah wicked wretch as e'r received birth)
My spotted life hath made me sathans denne,
Fuller of fiends then Mary Magdalene.
27. Her sinnes I doe commit, but want her sorrow,
Of all the ill she had I am possess,
I get the bad, the good I cannot borrow:
I have her vices all, but want the rest.
Her worst acts I embrace, but leave the best.
My Saviours feete I wash not with my teares,
Nor (with her) doe I wipe them with my haire.
28. I want the gifts of grace that she had given,
And her repentance, my hard heart to move.
I cannot apprehend the joies of heaven,
Nor love my Saviour with her ardent love,
My hearts desire with hers flies not above.
I feele no spirituall comfort in my soule,
Nor can I thoroughly my state condeale.
29. All will be ready to report my shame,
And blaze my infamie in euerie eare.
But none will pleade my cause, to quit my blame,
Or for my sorrow that will shed a teare.
Or else excuse my fault when they it heare.
Indeed they cannot, for my foule abuse
Is farre beyond the reach of an excuse.
30. How then shall I finde comfort in my grieve,
Or drive sad desperation from my heart?
My selfe unto my selfe yeelds no reliefe.
And other men no comfort will impart,
But rather adde more torment to my smart.
If thou shouldst leave me too, in my distresse,
Then must I die in all my wickednesse.

31. Oh teach me truely to lament my sinne,
And humble my proud heart by low submission:
Rouse me out of the sleepe that I am in,
That of my state I may have true cognition,
And make my peace with God by my contrition.
Instruct me in the perfect way of prayer,
Lest I fall headlong into deepe despaire.
32. Helpe me to pray to God, that he would shewre
Into my heart the graces of his Spirit.
That through his mercy, and his saving power
I may escape the guerdon of my merit,
And after life his heavenly blisse inherit.
Teach me to pray, teach me sweete friend, I say,
For I have almost quite forgot to pray.
33. My heart is willing, oh my heart is willing,
I feele my conscience terrified by sinne,
Oh by my teares by these my teares downe trilling,
Lift up thy heart with mine, come, come, begin,
Lord ope my brest, that grace may enter in.
Rouse my dead heart, out of his drowsie den,
Pardon my faultis, sweete Iesus say Amen.
34. Then from her eyes the teares did gush apace,
And downe she fell upon her bended knees,
Wringing her hands, she did lament her case,
With sighes expressing her soules miseries.
In forcible, and strong Hiperboles.
My sinnes, my sinnes she cries, with heav'd-up-hands,
Are more in number then the Starres, or Sands.
35. Then bearing of her brest in wofull wise
With high swolne sobs, and heavie heart-sicke groanes,
Now woe is me, now woe is me she cries,
My stinking sinnes lie boiling in my bones,

And

And kils my soule, as Bees are starv'd by drones.

And whilst like furies round about they hem me,
As a just Judge my conscience doth condemne me.

36. Listen, oh listen to my sad complaint,
I have no friend to moane to, but to thee,
I need not with my follies thee acquaint,
Thou know'st my steps, how retrograde they be ;
And how my vices have orenhelmed me.
Pity my case, and my sad state condole,
And adde some comfort to my sicke-growne soule.

37. Be thou my Pharos to direct me home
Vnto the harbour of my heavenly rest,
Withom a helpe to guide me, I shall roame,
And get a curse in seeking to be blest,
Good counsell to a soule that is distrest
Comes in fit season, and doth comfort bring,
To a sad heart, thars full of sorrowing.

38. My Parents have forsooke me long agoe,
Detesting the vile course that I have led.
Brothers, and sisters neuer will me know,
My neere alliance wish that I were dead.
My friends that sometime were, from me are fled.
My Parents, Brothers, Sisters, Kindred, Friends,
My very name their modest eares offends.

39. All have forsaken me, to let me perish,
And sinke my soule into the Stygian deepe.
Denying any comfort me to cherish,
But in sinnes cradle suffering me to sleepe,
That thence I have no heart at all to peepe.
But sporting in a dead security,
I want the sence of my impuritie,

40. Nor have I hoarded treasure for my issue,

74 *The Reformed Whore.*

But brav'd it out in Jewels, and in Gold,
In rich Embroider'd Silkes, and cloth of Tissue,
And when was bought, it was not long unsold,
I thought not how to live when I was old.

But chang'd, and pawn'd, for to maintaine my pride
And for the present onely did provide.

41. For all the money that I have obtain'd,
And golden fees by playing of the Whore,
Vnto my selfe no riches have I gain'd,
But all is quite consum'd, and I left poore,
Onely my wearing clothes, and nothing more.
 " Sinnes golden gaines I see long will not last;
 " Suddenlie got, as suddenlie doe wast.

42. For as a Mill that's set upon a river
Purposelie built vnto grind both winde, and wether,
By force of a strong current for to drive her,
Receives all Corne to grinde that is brought thither,
And all the Countrey neere is served with her.
 Some bringing to her, others sent abroad,
 And all of them deliver there their load.

43. She shifis her norke, and serves the turnes of all,
And everie one paies tribute for her paine;
Some giving single, and some double toll,
Herselfe thereby not onely doth maintaine,
And keepe her in repaire by such her gaine;
 But to the Miller that doth keepe the Mill,
 Supplies his wants, and doth releev him still.

44. The like did I, for by my common trade,
From everie one that came I had a share.
And by that custome a rich living made,
And therewith kept my selfe in good repaire.
And so maintain'd my clothing, and my fare.

And

*And what beside I did lay up in store,
My friends that kept me had it evermore.*

45. *For many came themselves, and brought their fee,
Whereby I had great trifique, and great gaine:*

A nurse I had to fetch some home to me.

They likewise would well pay me for my paine.

If one suffiz'd not, I could send forth twaine.

And what I got from many one by one,

I spent upon my secret friend alone.

46. *Him did I feede with money, and with diet:*

With all thing needfull, that he wanted nothing.

My Luxurie maintain'd his beastly riot,

Pawning my owne to buy him change of clothing:

To cure his wants, no filthy actions loathing.

What e'r by sinne I got, to him I sent it,

And he no sooner had it, but he spent it.

47. *Thus did I alwaies gaine to keepe me poore,*

Still living bad to make another ill;

And to maintaine a knave, I plaide the whore,

And suffer'd want, that he might have his fill.

Killing my selfe another for to kill.

Sinne in my selfe, sinne foster'd in another,

A wicked issue of a wicked mother.

48. *Since then (my dearest friend) I did expose*

My selfe to infamy, and foule excusse,

Yet thereby nothing got, but still did lose,

And heare up sinnes, not feeling my distresse,

Till thou hast made me know my wretchednesse.

Loe I accuse, mislike, condole, repent,

My selfe, my fault, my state, my life mispent.

49. *Here, take my clothes, and sell them all away,*

They are not for my wearing any more,

My Silkes, and Sattins change for simple say,
Rich costly garments sute not with a Whore.

A proud-swolne heart becometh not the poore.

Those Jewels that I have, and rings of gold,
Receive them here, and let them all be sold.

50. What shall I doe with rich Tustafazies,

Wrough Velvets, Damaskes, Grogerams, and Plush,

Set forth with Lace, and rare Embroyderies?

My Purples, and my Scarlets make me blush,

My Muffes, and Fannes, I doe not wey a rush.

My fine Bonelaces, and my dainty Purles,

My Needle-workes, my Bracelets, and my Curles,

51. Take them sweete friend, and set them all to sale,

My Earrings, Pendants, and my chaines of Pearles.

My Rubies, Saphires, and my Diamonds all,

They are for Ladies, and for wives of Earles.

Not fit for Strumpets, and for light heel'd girles.

My dainty Linnen, Cambrickes, and my Lappes,

Sell them away, and put them off for Pannes.

52. Rife my Chests, my Boxes, and my Trunkes,

Seize all the goods within them, thou shalt finde,

Such things as those are farre unmeete for Punks,

They suite not any longer with my minde.

Let them to better uses be assignd.

Rich Jewels, gorgeous clothes, and garments fine,

Fit not a body so defil'd as mine.

53. Take them away, remove them from my sight,

And put them off to any that will buy.

Then to the poore distribute every mite:

They doe deserve it better farre then I,

To them I doe bequeath it willingly.

Riches unjustly got from other men,

Distribute

Distribute them to strangers backe agen.

54. *And laying all these costlie robes aside,
Procure for me some discontented blacke.
A plaine sad Gowne my nakednesse to hide,
That their appeare not lightnesse on my backe.
That gild by vanitie may goe to wracke.*

*Or as a fitter habit for my sinne,
A frocke of haire to clothe my carcase in.*

55. *And let me henceforth take my leave of mirth,
As the unfittest subject of my minde.*

*Let not rejoycing in my heart have birth,
Vntill a spirituall gladdnesse I doe finde,
And heavenly light of grace in me hath shind.*

*Let follies hatred, and sinnes discontent
Adde to my soule a ghostly merriment.*

56. *Helpe me oh helpe me to some holy booke,
To stirre my heart up to devotion.
Get me a Bible I therein may looke,
That Gods good Spirit in me may have motion,
And of his holy word I may have notion.*

*And by the apprehending of the Deity,
Be stirred to the practice of true piety.*

57. *Bring me acquainted with some good doctrine,
That may direct me in the path to heaven.
And search this dull, and unsound heart of mine,
Lest I let all things goe at sixe, and seven.
And backward fall, sower'd with dissembling Leaven.*

*One that will well informe me in the right,
And trie me, lest I play the Hypocrite.*

58. *Conduct me to the Temple of the Lord,
Where I some powerfull Minister may heare,
That may unfold to me his sacred word,*

*And thunder out his threainings to mine eare,
And make his judgments unto me appeare.
And bringing me to see my wicked error.
Gods mercy may embrace me after terror.*

59. *Get me a lodging in some private place,
where I may harbour with some modest wife.
That my acquaintance may not see my face,
where I may lead a quiet civill life,
Voide of all anger, infamy, and strife.*

*That by contemning whatsoe'r is evill,
I may avoide the allurements of the dwell.*

60. *Or else direct me to some Countrie grange,
The City is too full of base temptation:
That I may both my heart, and habit change,
And in a lonely private habitation,
Persue with constancy this alteration.*

*And weyning of my selfe from worldly pleasure,
By suddain leaving sinne, grow good at leasure.*

61. *Looke to my steppes, and let thy watchfull eye,
Have a regard unto my future course:
I dare not trust my selfe, lest presently
The power of sinne doe conquer me by force,
And by backsliding make me worse, and worse.
Let thy especiall care for my soules good,
Be still applying to me heavenly foode.*

62. *For though I now resolve with constant heart,
Never to take that wicked course againe,
And that the sence of sinne doth breed a smart,
In my sad soule, now thinking to refraine
From the blacke die, that will my conscience staine.
Yet still I feare, and feare it most of all,
Lest I againe into those follies fall.*

63. I know the diuell hath a thousand baies,
To catch me in the compasse of his Net,
I know he deales by counterfeits, and sleights,
And for my soul, faire seeming shewes doth set,
Till me intangled in his snares he get.

I know his art, and cunning pollicies,
And that doth make me feare his fallacies.

64. Thou hast begun to manifest thy love,
In striving to reclame me from my follie.
Let it not die, but whilst i live, and more
Persue therein, and let thy care be wholly
To guide me in the path of verue soly.
Helpe to confirme me in my weake desires,
That my small sparkes of zeale may grow to fires.

65. Helpe me to pray to God, to grant me grace,
To persevere in this my reformation,
That I may now repent, whilst I have space,
Craving his spirit of regeneration,
And of my sinnes beginning retraction.
A willing heart I have to turne to heaven,
Pray for me then, that grace to me be given.

66. And I will pray uncessantly that God
Would poure into my heart his holy Spirit;
That sinne in me may have a period,
And I his heavealy Kingdome may inherit.
And so receive his mercie not my merit.

Lord heare my praier, cleanse me from my sinne,
Open my heart, that grace may enter in.

67. This said, she held her tongue, and spake no more,
Wiping her eyes, and bending downe her head,
And sitting at my feete upon the floare,
Which with her teares she had bewatred.

Then

Then reaching forth her hand, to me she sed,
 (Oh my sweet friend) on thee my comfort lies,
 Blest be the time that e'r I saw thine eyes.

68. As by the hand thou raisest me from ground,
 (With that she rose, and looked in my face).
 And sounding of my heart that was unsound,
 Didst by thy meanes, assisted with Gods grace,
 Awaken me, and let me know my case.

So fall not backe, but let thy constant love,
 Runse up my thoughts to raise them up above.

69. Speake, wilt thou tell me what thou dost intend,
 Thou know'st my purpose, let me now know thine.
 Wilt thou continue unto me a friend?
 Thou seem'st to tender this poore soule of mine,
 Dost thou unto my future good encline?

Boldly goe on, leave not the worke undone,
 Finish the thing, thou hast so well begun.

70. This said, she paus'd againe, and stopt her voice,
 Earnestly looking when I would replie:
 Her sweete sad lookes did make my heart reioice,
 Seeing her sorrow was so heavenlie,
 And from a heart void of all fallacie;
 And noting thus how her desire was bent.
 I made this answer, without complement.

71. I see Amanda, what I joy to see,
 And what I did desire I might behold,
 I hope thou dost not meane to flatter me,
 And seeme to make that hot which is but cold.
 And so make Brasse to shine like perfect Gold.
 I doubt not, but thy manners are refin'd,
 And being melted will be better coin'd.

72. I trust thy sorrow is a reall sadnesse,

By thy foule life, and mortall sinnes procured,
And then that sorrow breeds in me such gladnesse,
To thinke that grace is in that heart immured
Which hath so many unio vice allured.

That all the powers I have, with free consent
Shall be applied to further thy intem.

73. By a free gift (unmerited) from any,
Had I receiv'd a thousand pounds in Gold,
Titles of honour, priviledges many,
And faithfull friends, as I am minutes old,
With other blessings, more than may be told,
They could not more rejoyce this heart of mine,
Then this long-wisht conversion of thine.

74. For Ile assure thee, I such pleasure take
In this thy dolour for thy follies past ;
That since thy sinne doth cause thy heart to ake,
This bitter is so sweet unto my taste,
That if thy sorrow with thy life doth last,
And thou repentest of thy wickednesse,
As now to me thou seem'st to doe no lesse.

75. Here take my hand, and with my hand my heart,
And what I say beleewe it to be true.
These eyes of mine out of mine head shall start.
The day that's past shall be begun anew,
And things consum'd shall come againe to view.
Before I faile unio my utmost power,
To adde unto thee comfort every houre.

76. Take thou no thought for clothing, or for foode.
Nor any thing that may procure content.
My care shall be so much to doe thee good,
Both for thy soules, and bodies aliment:
That thou shalt want nothing convenient.

Reforme thy life, conforme thy will to mine,
I will informe thee in the path divine.

77. Such things as are not for thy wearing fit,
Thy gorgeous cloathes, thy jewels, and the rest
Leave them to me, I will dispose of it,
And change them for thy good, as I thinke best.
Vnto thy ranke thou shalt be neatly drest.

In ciuill manner, but for gay attire,
It must not suite at all with thy desire.

78. Thy goods dispos'd of, I will thee provide,
Of all things fit for a reformed minde.
A Bible, and some holy bookes beside,
Wherein thou mayst a heavenly comfort finde,
I will procure thee, as thou hast enjoyn'd,
Set formes of prayer, for a contrite sinner,
Thou shalt not want fit for a young beginner.

79. I have a mother veriuously dispos'd,
An ancient matron, pious, and devout:
To whom I have this my intent disclos'd,
And what herein at first I went about,
whilst I of thy conversion was in doubt.
She shall receive thee with the greatest care,
Providing for thy lodging, and thy fare.

80. I have a sister much about thy yeeres,
A hopefull mayd, religious, and chaste,
And such a one as the Almighty feares.
That all unciuill actions doth distaste.
And is with many spirituall blessings gract.
She shall yeeld comforts to thee many a one,
And be thy loving kinde companion.

81. If thou wilt heare, Ile read to thee each day,
Precepts for prayer, rules for meditation.

- If thou wilt pray, Ile joyne with thee to pray.
In private Votes, or publique congregation,
And lead thee in the path to thy salvation.
And if thy pleasure thereunto inclines.
I will acquaint thee, with profound Divines.
82. Ile lead thee forth to Sermons every weeke,
And unto common Service twice a day,
The most approved Preachers I will seek.
That through thy eare shall to thy heart convey
Such heavenly comforts, that when thou dost pray,
Thou shalt be rapt with a divine delight,
Of the Almightyes mercy, and his might.
83. If that the City doth content thee best,
Live in the City to thy hearts content,
Or if the Countrey yeeld thee better rest,
Unto the Countreylife I give consent.
All places are alike for to repent.
If that the heart desires th' Almightyes grace,
God doth accept the person, not the place.
84. Make thou thy peace with God, by thy contrition,
I with thy friends will labour for thy peace.
Appease Gods wrath by hearty true submission:
I doubt not but thy Parents wrath shall cease,
And their fresh love shall mightily increase.
That aged couple, all thy friends beside,
Will joy, that in thy sinnes thou had'st not died.
85. Be of good cheere, and walke along with me,
This is no fitting place for thee to stay:
My mother, sister, and my selfe for thee,
Will make provision, as is fit straightway.
We will all take thee to our charge this day.
For nothing but thy soule doe thou take thought,

We will provide, thy body shall want nought.

86. Tell me, quoth I, art thou well pleas'd with this?

And dost thou freely thereunto assent?

*I am, quoth she, and thinke the greatest blisse
waites on me now, that e'r to me was sent:*

Thy pleasure Ile attend incontinent,

Dispose of me as thou thinkest best to day,

Vnto thy will, I willingly obey.

87. With that I cal'd a Porter to the doore,

And bid him take her Boxes, and her Chest,

Her Trunkes, her Bed, her Goods, and all her store,

And bring them to my house where they should rest.

And to be ordred then, as I thought best.

To which command of mine he did consent,

And so convei'd them thence incontinent.

88. Then did I take Amanda by the hand,

Whilst with my tongue I made her this replie:

Since thou hast vow'd to be at my command,

Yeelding thy selfe into my custody,

Accepting of my offer courteously,

Be of good courage, come along with me,

Ile be thy safegard, none shall injure thee.

89. This said, we both together left the roome,

And I conducted her along the street,

Vntill I brought her to my Mothers home,

Whereas at doore my Sister did her meete,

And then my Mother did her kindly greete:

And emertain'd her in most courteous wise,

As either of them could in heart devise.

90. Then did Amanda live, and spend her time,

In holy duties, reading, and in prayer,

With grieve lamening her fore-passed crime.

Till she was even brought unto the staire,
 (Through horror of her sinne) of blacke despaire.

But of Gods speciall grace, he did impart
 The joy of his good Spirit to her heart.

91. For many good Divines did flocke unto her,
 Applying godly comforts to her soule,
 And greatly striving their best good to doe her,
 Taught her so well her follies to condole,
 And mortifie her sinnes evenhile so foule,
 That they at length by daily information,
 Wrought in her a good hope of her salvation.

92. Then with more comfort would she pray, and talke,
 Yet pensive still, of sinne she would complaine,
 Forth of the house she seldome times would walke,
 Unlesse it were to Church, and backe againe.
 If she were well, she would not thence abstaine.
 Sermons, and Service she did oft frequent,
 And to no place as Church, so gladly went.

93. There would she listen with her best attention,
 And pray as earnestly as any prai'd,
 Avoiding sinne by diligent prevention,
 And workes with faith to couple she assai'd,
 Desires of pleasure were in her decaid.
 The onely path in which she striv'd to trace,
 Was to repent for sinne, and pray for grace.

94. Oh how she loath'd the very name of whore,
 And all that led a wicked wanton life,
 Their sinfull courses she did much deplore.
 The unmarried wench, the widow, and the wife,
 As she knew many in those actions rise.
 So she endeavour'd moving them by letter,
 For to reclaim them, and to make them better.

95. No roaring youngster came within her sight,
Nor lustfull Prodigall did see her face.
Her secret friend, that was her sole delight,
Was now forsaken, and quite out of grace:
Whereas she lay, he must not know the place.
Nor he, nor any now must looke upon her,
That had before attempted her dishonour.
96. Thus did she leade her life unto her death,
Dying to sinne, and living unto grace,
To goodnesse wholly she did her bequeath:
She tooke no pleasure in her comely face,
Nor any evill motion did embrace.
But spent her time in holy contemplation,
To beate downe sin, & shame the worlds temptation
97. Two yeares she liv'd in sound, and perfect health,
The most reformed creature on the earth:
She had not much, and yet desir'd no wealth,
Humble she was, as one of meanest birth.
And more inclin'd to sadnesse then to mirth.
Vaine prattling, and much talking she despises,
Delighting most in pious exercises.
98. She did no company at all admit,
But modest vertuous, and of good report.
To talke of Plaies she would not heare of it,
She tooke no joy in any kinde of sport,
Meetings at Tavernes, nor she car'd not fort.
She did not seeke for to augment her store,
And what she had to give, she gave the poore.
99. She did abandon every earthly pleasure,
Delighting onely in religious bookes.
Her godly zeale did make the heavens her treasure,
From thence alone she for her comfort lookes,

Her

Her studie was to shun the druels hookes :
And all her hopes on which she did depend,
Was on Christs merits, at her latter end.

100. After two yeeres that she had lived thus,
She fell through grieve into a heccticke feaver,
The which at length did grow so dangerous,
That of all hopes of health it did bereave her,
And never left her, till her life did leave her.

Weaker, and weaker still she find away,
And saw how nature in her did decay.

101. She knew her thred of life was almost spun,
And with great patience tooke her visitation.
She did rejoyce her life so neere was done,
Being acquainted long with tribulation.

And now her heart with heavenly consolation
Was so replenisht, and with such delight,
She would not longer live, if that she might.

102. Her grieve grew stronger still, as she grew weake,
Hasting apace to bring her to her end.

At length she did desire, with me to speake,
Where at her bed I straight way did attend,
Then reaching me her hand, she said, my friend,
My onely friend, thy love through heavens grace,
Hath saved the sinfull st soule that ever was.

103. The booke thou sent'st, that little Paper booke,
Wherein thou did'st unmask my foule offence ;
Behold, and see what true effect it tooke,
That booke, I say did worke in me the sence
Of my owne follie, and my impudence.

I blesse the time, for this thy blessed favour,
And blesse the Lord, that blest thy good endeavour.

104. And here my latest thankses to thee I give.

And

And with these thanks of mine, this little Ring,
My houre is come, I can no longer live,
Wear't for my sake, although a worihlesse thing,
I cannot recompence thy meruing.

My tongue doth faile, goe youle, the passing bell,
A thousand times sweet friend farewell, farewell.

105. This said, she drew her hand into the bed,
The time approaching of her latest end;
Then turning up her eyes to heauen, she said,
Lord to thy hands I doe my spirit commend.
Then to the wall her body did she bend.

And with a feeble voice againe she cri'd,
Jesus receiue my soule, & so she di'd.

106. And so she di'd, & so she di'd to live:

And living, as she did, she sweetly did,
Her death to her, a lasting life did give;
Then life before her death was mortifi'd,
And in her death, her life beaurifi'd.

Death vanquish'd life, concluding of her paine,
Shee lov'd to die, and di'd to live againe.



F J N J S.



A Meditation upon Death.

Nothing **N**othing more wisht then wealth, yet that must leave us
Nothing more sweete then love, that lasts not ever.
Nothing more kinde then friends, yet they'l deceive us.
Nothing more fast then wedlocke, yet they sever.

More The world must end, all things away must fly,
Nothing more sure then death, for all must dy.
More honours may be got, but they'l away.
More beauty may be had, but twill not last.
More wealth may be obtain'd, but twill decay.
More joyes may follow, but those soone are past.

Sure For long continuance tis in vaine to try,
Nothing more sure then death, for all must dy.
Sure love must dy though rooted in the heart.
Sure tis, that all things earthly are unstable.
Sure friends, are pure friends, yet such friends must part.
Sure tis, that all things here are variable.

Then Nor two, nor one may scape, nor thou, nor I,
Nothing more sure then death, for all must dy.
Then let the rich, no longer covet wealth.
Then let the proud, vaile his ambitious thought.
Then let the sound not glory in his health.
Then let all dy, since all must come to nought.
The elder fish, as well as younger fry,
Nothing more sure then death, for all must dy.

N

Death

90 *The Reformed Whore.*

Death tooke away King Herod in his pride.
 Death spar'd not Hercules for all his strength.
 Death strooke great Alexander, that he di'd.
 Death long spar'd Adam, yet he di'd at length.
 The begger, and the King, the low, the high,
 Nothing more sure then death, for all must dy.

For Scepters, Crownes, Emperiall Diadems,
 For all the beauties that on Earth doe live,
 For pleasures, treasures, jewels, costly jems,
 For all the glories that the world can give.
 She will not spare her dart, but still replie.
 Nothing more sure then death, for all must dy.

All from the highest to the low'st degree.
 All Nations, People, Kingdomes, Countries, Lands,
 All in the Earth, or Aire, or Sea, that be,
 All, all must yeeld to her all conquering hands.
 She wound's them all, with an impartiall eye,
 Nothing more sure then death, for all must dy.

Must all then dy, then all expect their death.
 Must all things vanish, Sunne, and Moone, and Starres?
 Must every living creature yeeld his breath?
 Must all things end, our joyes, delights, and cares?
 Yes all with an united voice doe cry,
 Nothing more sure then death, for all must dy.

Dy let us then, but let us dy in peace,
 Dy to our sinnes, that dying we may live:
 Dy to the world, that grace may more increase:
 Dy here to live with him that life doth give.
 Die we must needs, let wealth, and pleasure ly,
 Nothing more sure then death, for all must dy.

FINIS.



